

Zion's Herald

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1904



MADONNA AND CHILD AND ANGELS

From the Painting by F. Brutt

THE THREE WISE MEN AND THE LOST STAR

Old Legend

LOUISA A'HMUTY NASH.

They'd left the arid desert,
The parched and dreary waste;
Now, 'mid the hills and valleys
Their eager footsteps haste.
As kings, they'd sought in Syria
The Syrian kingly court.
Had it a spell wove round them,
That made their minds distraught?
They — guided afar,
By the gleam of God's star!

Leaving the mazy city,
Seeking the wondrous Child,
Forgot they the tired camels,
That bore them o'er the wild,
Weary, and footsore and thirsty
In the land of trickling stream —
These beasts so mild and patient —
While they dwelt in a dream.
Ah! that can mar
E'en the light of the star!

The western sun was sinking
O'er Galilee's brown hills,
And they their lost star mourning:
"O guide star, nothing fills
Thy place in earth or heaven!"
When lo! beside their way
A well! They drew them water
For the beasts, and on it lay
Reflected near, not far,
A twinkling star!

And looking up to heaven,
There, in the dark blue sky,
The star, which God kept waiting
Till mercy shone — on high.

When we, in our ideal,
The wayside task forget,
We lose the star that guided,
Till love again is met.
The dear, familiar, lost star,
Found on earth, and heaven afar.

Portland, Ore.

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GEO. E. WHITAKER, Publisher,
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THE OLD PREACHER'S LAMENT

REV. JOSEPH COOPER.

It was with something like astonishment that I read in your issue of the 8th the letter of "Micawber" from the Northwest. The picture he paints of the bitter hopelessness that the old preachers are said to have shown on their being set aside from the active work must surely be exaggerated. It is a dirge that ill fits the Christian teaching or life. Is there no consolation in the thought that they have given a life of splendid service to the Master, that they should thus break their hearts because they are forced by growing infirmities to quit the ranks? Every sane mind looks forward to that period of life when the machinery must slow down in view of the wear and tear to which it has been subjected. This inevitable end of all our activities stares us in the face even on the threshold of life. We recognize that we are "only born to die," and that what we do we must do quickly. Such a thought becomes an incentive to achievement. Out of that achievement should come a sense of restful comfort, of gladness that follows usefulness, of joy at having done the Master's will. To bleed inwardly because one can no longer perform the full activities of mature life savors more of egotism than of faith. If as earthen vessels it has been our joy to do the will of God, can it be less a joy when that will ordains we should step aside and rest awhile in Beulah Land before entering the Celestial City? Not thus do I learn of Christ, who made no pitiful moan because His brief ministry ended ere it had hardly begun. Not so do I learn of Paul, who looked exultingly forward to the crown of his rejoicing. Is not the essence of our Christian faith contentment with circumstances that cannot be controlled or overruled? Do we not preach this to every man and woman, seeking to bring them to the high plateaus of life whence they can see "the land that is fairer than day?"

The noblest men I know are men who, having stepped out of the fight through aging years, give good cheer to us who are trying imperfectly to do the work that fell from their grasp. To grow old gracefully, hopefully, is the privilege of the sons of God, for it doth not yet appear what they shall be.

Who can measure the influence of a life? Who can say that the waiting ministry of our declining years is of less importance than the years when the tides of life swept full-volumed through our veins heavily freighted with the possibilities of coming years? God knows, and we can trust Him. The optimism of Browning's "Ben Ezra" is the very essence of the Christian faith.

"Grow old along with me!
The best is yet to be."

If that is true — and no Christian can dispute it — to look forward with ever increasing hopefulness is the only possible attitude of faith.

"The last of life, for which the first was made."

Why should the headstone grow bitter because it is not the foundation, or the end because it is not the beginning?

"Our times are in His hand
Who saith, 'A whole I planned,
Youth shows but half; trust God; see all, nor
be afraid!'"

It is in acquiescence with the will of God, not in fretting against the pressure of the inevitable, that our souls are to find rest. I cannot believe that the noble men who laid the foundations of Oregon Methodism have nothing better to look forward to, for "The path of the just shineth more and more unto the perfect day, and when the



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earthly house of this tabernacle is dissolved, they have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

New Bedford, Mass.

Greatly Improved

THE January issue of the *Sunday School Journal and Bible Students' Magazine* is so greatly transformed in beauty, size and helpfulness, that we are happy to note the changes. The enlargement in size adds in matter an equivalent of eight pages. It appears in a new dress with a new cover design that is artistic and very attractive. But the most remarkable change lies in the selection of new writers and the inauguration of new departments. We earnestly advise all workers in the Sunday-school and Bible students generally to examine the new *Sunday School Journal*. With all of these changes and improvements the price remains the same.

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Mr. Chamberlain on Tariff Reform

MR. CHAMBERLAIN continues to believe that tariff reform is the vital issue in England, and is not willing that his countrymen should forget that fact. He has recently extended his speech-making to the East Enders of London, who have been more or less edified by his discussion of the intricacies of the fiscal question. After referring to conditions existing in eastern Europe, Mr. Chamberlain predicted that a tax upon imports would materially benefit the workingmen of Great Britain, and insisted that alien immigration must be checked. He advocated the founding of some colony under English rule to which aliens could be diverted from overcrowded England, and pointed out the fact that even now a deputation is leaving for East Africa, where hundreds of thousands of fertile acres are untilled. Mr. Chamberlain held that Ireland is a concrete instance of the calamitous effect of free imports, its main industry — farming — being beggared by such importations, while no other industry is found to replace it. He added that whether or not the Liberal party is victorious in the next election (which cannot come too soon for him), the question of tariff reform will remain a dominant issue. If Mr. Chamberlain were a younger man, he might live to see his fiscal reforms carried into effect; but at his age he is not likely to induce England in a hurry to depart from its ancient policy of free trade.

Department of Commerce Report

THIS is the season of reports from various branches of the Government, but none of these documents may prove more interesting to the public than the report of the Department of Commerce and Labor, inasmuch as it deals with the question of the "trusts," or the "great combinations," as President Roosevelt prefers to call them. The Bureau has made exhaustive investigations for the purpose of fully ascertaining those constitutional powers and restrictions on which present economic situations are based, and also those which must be nec-

essarily involved in any future legislation for the improvement of present legal corporate conditions. There is now ready for publication a compilation of the Federal and State statutes dealing with illegal industrial combinations — the so-called "anti-trust" laws. This will afford complete information of such laws, showing in tabular and condensed form their provisions, including the decisions made thereunder, and a digest and discussion of cases involving the common-law principles as to combinations in restraint of trade. The results of the investigation of the beef industry, authorized by resolution of Congress, will be made the subject of a special report. The report as a whole shows that the work of the Bureau of Corporations has proceeded along the conservative lines indicated in the first annual report of the Department.

Kruger Burial Services

AN impressive religious service, attended by two thousand burghers, was held at Pretoria in the Transvaal, Dec. 16, prior to the burial of President Kruger. Several ministers of the Dutch Church eulogized the dead man for his exemplary life and devotion to his people, and exhorted the Boers, while remaining loyal to the new flag, never to forget either the principles of the late leader or their own language. Ex-General Louis Botha, formerly commander-in-chief of the Boer forces, read the political testament of ex-President Kruger, which took the form of a letter written in reply to a communication sent to Kruger by the Boer Congress at Pretoria last May, the publication of which has been reserved until now. The letter is somewhat mystical and enigmatical in tone and phrase. It exhorts the Boer people to seek in the past all the good and beautiful to be discovered therein. "It is true," it is said, "that much of what was upbuilt is now annihilated, destroyed, or fallen, but with unity of mind and unity of strength it is possible to build up again that which has been thrown down." These guarded expressions appear to look forward to a final rebuilding of the Boer State. The letter is an impressive and pathetic document, religious and patriotic in tone, with a professed optimism which scarce veils a political pessimism at its heart.

Engineering Difficulties in the Simplon

SERIOUS difficulties have been encountered in the construction of the great Simplon Tunnel in the mountains connecting Switzerland and Italy, which will be about 12½ miles long when completed. Only 260 yards of rock near the middle of the tunnel remain uncut,

but at that point a difficulty which the pessimistic say is insuperable has been encountered in the shape of an influx of boiling water from a spring, with a discharge estimated at 18,000 gallons a minute. In spaces so confined as are the headings of the tunnel the outburst of such springs gives great trouble. A considerable section of the tunnel, in the descending gradient from the centre toward the Italian side, has already become filled with hot water. Another hot spring further down on the Italian slope has been tapped, and the temperature of the rock in the advance gallery is 108 deg. F. The interesting question has now arisen whence this great heat comes, for although observations made in various borings in all parts of the world give an approximate figure of 1 degree F. rise in temperature for each 70 feet of vertical depth, this is insufficient to account for what has been experienced in the Simplon, and the conclusion is inevitable that some portion of the thermal result is due to the internal heat of the earth arising from volcanic agency. So marvelous have been the triumphs of modern mechanics, and so great is the ingenuity of the engineering geniuses of the day, that it is safe to predict that the difficulties met in the construction of the Simplon Tunnel may delay, but will not prevent, the completion of that colossal work.

Cause of the "Sleeping Sickness"

THE cause of the deadly "sleeping sickness," which afflicts so many Africans, appears to have been determined by the agents of the Liverpool School of Tropical Medicine. According to elaborate diagnoses that have recently been made, the disease is attributable to "trypanosomiasis," or the presence in the blood, and in the fluids of the brain and spinal cord, of some form of the microscopic parasite known as "trypanosoma," which is propagated by the tsetse fly in South Africa. The symptoms and the danger of the disease are found to bear a relation to the greater or less number of the parasites, and develop seriously when they have entered the cerebrospinal fluid. The parasites may be present in the blood of deeply seated organs when they are not found in that which is drawn from a skin puncture, and their frequent temporary disappearances from this surface blood renders it difficult at times to be certain of their presence in the system. The expedition organized by the school also discovered a blood-sucking larva, which thrives in many parts of the Congo. During the daytime this larva conceals itself in the cracks of the native floors, and attacks its victims only at night. This is the larva of the Glossina

fly, which in the imago state is apparently harmless. This discovery is said to be of great value, and systematic measures to combat its injurious effects will at once be inaugurated.

Motor Train for Highways

THE latest and perhaps the most useful development of the automobile is its utilization in furnishing the motive power to haul a train of road cars. The device is the invention of Colonel Renard of the French army, and has been adopted for use in the German army. In similar experiments made in the past the difficulty has been to secure a tractor of sufficient lightness to avoid damage to the road-bed and to bridges. This problem has been solved by utilizing the motor car as a generator of power, which is transmitted to the other cars by means of a longitudinal shaft universally jointed so as to permit the train to make sharp curves. The tests made have demonstrated that the steering of the entire train is as simple as the direction of a single car, all the vehicles following the leader without skidding or loss of space at the turn. As the first car has no pulling to do, but only furnishes power for the others, it may be made as light as an ordinary automobile, good results being obtained in the trials with a car weighing only 3,300 pounds. A speed of sixteen miles an hour has been maintained over ordinary country roads.

Colossal Breakwaters

A PECULIAR race on a gigantic scale has been in progress the past five years between rival staffs of engineers who have been engaged in building the eastern and western breakwaters of the Admiralty harbor at Dover, England. Only three days elapsed between the laying recently of the final blocks of these huge works. The breakwaters enclose over 600 acres of anchorage. The western breakwater goes seaward 4,000 feet, and the eastern breakwater 3,320 feet. Over 32,000 blocks, weighing forty tons each, have been set in these breakwaters, giving a total of about 1,280,000 tons of concrete. The breakwaters rise 75 feet from the sea bottom, and are 45 feet wide. This vast and important national undertaking will be completed by a southern breakwater 4,200 feet long.

Carnegie Hall Peace Meeting

AN important meeting was held last Friday night in Carnegie Hall under the auspices of the New York executive committee of the American Conference of International Arbitration, for the purpose of urging the ratification of the arbitration treaties recently negotiated between the United States and other Powers. Mayor McClellan presided, Archbishop Ireland, Bishop Potter, Rabbi Joseph Silverman, Judge Gray of Delaware, Oscar S. Straus, ex-U. S. Minister to Turkey, Lieutenant-Governor elect M. Linn Bruce and others prominent in religious circles or in secular walks of life delivered addresses, and ex-President Cleveland, Andrew Carnegie, Carl Schurz, and John Mitchell sent letters declaring themselves to be in full accord with the purposes of the gathering. The key-note of the ad-

resses was struck in the declaration by Lieut.-Gov. elect Bruce that the only proper plan for the settlement of international differences is one which takes due regard for the Christian conception of right and for the brotherhood of man. The recent appeals for international arbitration, including the reference to a tribunal of the attack on British fishermen by the Russians, have put to shame, affirmed Carl Schurz, the dreary, sneering, cynical pessimism which has so long visited its scorn on the advocates of peace. Arbitration has now become the fashion of the time.

Commerce with China

COMMERCE between the United States and China in the ten months ending with October, 1904, shows a larger total, both in imports and exports, than in the corresponding months of any earlier year. Reports issued by the Department of Commerce and Labor show that during the period above mentioned the total imports into the United States from China amounted to \$23,993,324, which exceeds by \$3,000,000 the largest total in the corresponding period of any previous year; and the exports from the United States to China amounted to \$20,557,184, exceeding by about \$500,000 the largest total in any earlier year. The exports of cotton goods to China have greatly increased during the past few months, and in mineral oil the increase is still greater, amounting to 61,496,234 gallons, against 16,963,664 gallons in the corresponding months of last year. In the imports into this country the increase is chiefly in raw silk.

Light in Central Africa

WHILE twenty-five years ago there was not a single school in Central Africa, there are today nearly 170 schools in the Livingstonia Mission alone. Twenty-five years ago there was not a Christian in Central Africa, while at the present time 300 native teachers preach Christ in the villages every Sabbath day. Last year there were more than 3,000 catechumens in the classes for baptism. Up to 1890 slave caravans were very numerous, but today a strong British protectorate has made slave-raiding impossible. If Christianity had not entered Nyasaland, however, there would be no such British administration at all, and Central Africa would still be a land of darkness, spoliation, and blood. Volunteer native evangelists, who receive no pay beyond a few leads furnished them in order that they may be able to buy food at the distant stations, go out from the central mission, two by two, and conduct meetings on the Sabbath in forty-four villages, returning in time for school instruction on Monday. Thus by a wise economy of effort and direction of energy education and evangelization are made to go hand in hand.

Rocking Lock

A PECULIAR form of canal lock has been invented by an ingenious Frenchman, who hopes by means of this device to raise or lower a ship of any size from an upper level to a lower level, or vice versa, without losing a drop of water.

The invention comprises essentially a lock chamber permanently in communication with the water of the lower level. The bottom of this chamber is formed of two inclines of unequal length, so that the highest point will lie nearer the upper level, to permit the raising or lowering of the vessel. At this highest point a ridge is formed, which constitutes the fulcrum for a floating chamber mounted to rock on a shaft. This floating chamber is constructed with double walls, constituting an air chamber, and comprises in itself a water compartment, the ends of which are closed by gates. At the bottom of the air chamber a track is laid, on which a weight is mounted to travel. The weight is connected by means of a cable, passing over a pulley, with a float. In order to tilt the floating chamber down to the lower level, the weight is caused to travel in the direction of the lower level, whereupon the corresponding end of the floating chamber descends. When the lower level has been reached, the gates are opened and the vessel continues on its journey. In order to raise a vessel from the lower to the upper level the reverse operation must be performed.

Prussian State-Owned Railroads

THE total volume and gross receipts of the Prussian railways have increased enormously since the nationalization of railways began in that country in 1879, while rates have gone down. The gross receipts show an increase of 127 per cent., while the rates per kilometre have been reduced 16 per cent. It should be remembered, however, in comparing the State-owned railroads of Prussia with the private owned railroads of foreign countries, that the short haul, which may be said generally to obtain in Prussia, is expensive as compared with the long haul, and the inequalities which exist in this country do not exist in Prussia. Local conditions contribute largely to the making of railroad rates. The Prussian rates are generally higher than those of the United States, but the railroads there have one advantage not possessed by roads in this country, in that the local rates over there have a stability which American rates have not. The rates in this country are unequal and also fluctuating, so that a shipper cannot determine long in advance what the rates will be—a condition which is justly condemned by the industrial world. A regulation of rates may reasonably be borrowed from Prussia, which will make them equal, uniform, and of greater stability.

Inactivity of Congress

THE policy of Congress continues to be one of inactivity. Except the annual supply bills, practically every measure carrying an appropriation bill has been discouraged by the leaders. In the past two weeks the House has indeed enacted the legislative appropriation bill, the Senate has passed the House Philippine administration measure, and each branch has transacted some routine business and disposed of some minor bills, including pensions carrying small amounts, but it has been strongly impressed upon members that economy is to be the watch

word of the present session, and a minimum of legislation will be enacted, according to present plans, after Christmas.

Increased Pressure on Port Arthur

THE increased accuracy of the Japanese bombardment of Port Arthur, since the taking of 205-Metre Hill has made it available as an observation station, has greatly discomfited the Russian garrison, which now numbers but 16,000 fighting men, with 8,000 wounded, and General Stoessel has been obliged to request the Japanese not to bombard the hospitals. General Stoessel has been wounded slightly, but continues to direct operations in the beleaguered stronghold. The Russians have now not even a torpedo boat to carry despatches, and a party of military men disguised as civilians only with great difficulty succeeded last week in making their way in a sail-boat with despatches to Chee-Foo. Admiral Togo is now at liberty to send his heavy warships to Japan to refit, in anticipation of the coming of Admiral Rojestvensky's squadron, which has been proceeding in two divisions—one steaming down the west coast of Africa to Cape Town, and the other through the Indian Ocean—and may rendezvous near the Chagos Archipelago in the Indian Ocean. It is probable that the squadron will enter East Indian waters early in January, and a Japanese attack is possible any time after that. General Kuropatkin is experiencing increasing difficulty in supplying his huge army of perhaps 300,000 men with provisions. Generals Kaulbars, Grippenbergh and Linevitch have taken command of the three armies under the general direction of General Kuropatkin.

Smoot Inquiry Continued.

A CONSIDERABLE amount of testimony has already been taken in the reopened Smoot inquiry, representatives of the Mormon apostles being placed on the rack, and compelled unwillingly to admit facts very damaging to the church of the Latter Day Saints. Some ex-Mormons have also been examined by the Senate committee—among them an elderly woman who went from Denmark to Utah in 1872 and left the Mormon Church in 1896, who testified on Thursday concerning the obligations taken in the Temple and the various penalties imposed for revealing any part of the ceremonies. Charles H. Jackson, of Idaho, chairman of the Democratic State committee, described the growing power of the Mormon Church and its interference in State affairs, declaring that the apostles of the church from Utah go into Idaho and direct the people how to vote. The influence of the Mormon Church, he affirmed, accomplished the passage of the Sugar Bounty Bill. The church, said Mr. Jackson, is practically in charge of the legislature, political conventions, and popular gatherings. The notorious Endowment-House oath has been under special scrutiny by the committee. Salt Lake Mormons, according to this iniquitous engagement, swear to avenge the death of Joseph Smith, and this oath bound promise is the most serious charge that has yet been made in the Smoot case. It seems to be established that "endowment garments," like union suits, are worn by Mormons—

marked so as to remind the wearers of the peculiar oaths they have taken. Apostle John Henry Smith declared that since the "Manifesto" there have been no plural marriages that have come to his knowledge, and contradicted in the main the testimony of Charles H. Jackson. He admitted, however, taking an active part in bringing about the repeal of the territorial test oaths which practically excluded Idaho Mormons from voting. Apostle Smith would not furnish a register of total membership of the church, but testified that one-third of the population of Idaho and one-fourth of the population of Wyoming are Mormons.

FACTS WORTH NOTING

—Dr. H. W. Wiley, chief of the Department of Chemistry of the U. S. Department of Agriculture, denounces the use of coal-tar dyes for coloring butter, stating that their consumption injures the kidneys.

—Berlin has passed the 2,000,000 mark in the population of the city proper. The adjoining suburbs have a population of nearly 750,000 persons.

—The water in Charles River at Waltham has not been as low since 1872 as it is at the present time, according to the records kept at the pumping-station, which was built that year. The water in the river was unusually low during the summer, and the drought of the fall has prevented a rise.

—The naval tug "Unadilla" has succeeded in landing a cargo of supplies for the wireless telegraph on the Farallones, after making four previous efforts. The new plant, which will supersede the apparatus of the Weather Bureau, is expected to work satisfactorily over two hundred miles.

—Danish physicians have formed a total abstinence society, and have caused warnings to be posted at all the railway stations in Denmark declaring alcohol to be a "stupefying poison," and pointing out that every seventh man in Denmark dies of drink.

—Through the courtesy of the official reporters of the United States Senate, who unawares to him took notes of the prayers he offered, Dr. Edward E. Hale has been enabled to present each Senator with a neatly bound copy of the prayers he uttered "in the winter session of 1904." In a happily-worded preface Dr. Hale tells how the publication of the little book was brought about, and declares that he never wrote out anything that he had to say to his Heavenly Father.

—The Kansas Legislature this winter will be composed of fifty farmers, thirty-eight business men, twenty-seven lawyers, nineteen bankers, ten doctors, five editors, two capitalists, two mechanics, one school-teacher, one miner, and one auctioneer. The farmers are strong in the House, but weak in the Senate. Some of the bankers in the Senate are indeed agriculturists, but banking is their chief business. The Kansas Legislature is decidedly more representative than are many State bodies.

—The word "zemstvo," which is now in such common use, is an abstract term denoting literally "landship," after the analogy of such words as "natschalstvo" which means "superiority," or "government," and "siyatelstvo" — "shineneas," or "sereneness." It must be remembered that the Russians are in part Oriental, and their language bears the marks of Oriental imagery and fancifulness. The virtual

meaning of "zemstvo," as generally used in Russia, is "land assembly," that is, "district assembly."

—The Venetian architect, Manfredi, who has been examining the basilica of St. Mark's, Venice, reports that urgent and indispensable work has been going on since last June in the restoration of that beautiful structure. While the great monument presents some signs of weakness and disintegration, it is expected that through the measures already taken, and those proposed by Manfredi, it will be long preserved.

—Mrs. French Sheldon, who was sent by Sir Alfred Jones to inquire into the state of affairs in the Congo Free State, has performed an extraordinary feat of pedestrianism, traveling alone through swampy and most difficult regions of Africa. Mrs. Sheldon writes that the development and expansion of trade in the Congo has been most remarkable. Her evidence as to the real condition of affairs there will be awaited with much interest.

Methodist Social Union

The December meeting of the Boston Social Union was held in Lorimer Hall on Monday evening, with President W. M. Warren in the chair. Grace was invoked by Rev. Dr. E. M. Taylor, and prayer was offered by Rev. Dr. W. T. Perrin. The subject under consideration was "Church Music." The male choir of the Newton Centre Church sang twice, rendering "Onward, Christian Soldiers," as a procession-al, and later, "Te Deum Laudamus." Their singing showed good voices and excellent training and was greatly appreciated by the Union.

The speaker of the evening was Mr. John Patton Marshall, lecturer on Music in Boston University, his subject being, "Church Music, Past and Present." He began with a description of the music of the early Christian converts at Rome. This music, he said, probably came from Jerusalem, and it is believed that the melodies for the Psalms, which have come down to us as the so-called Gregorian chants, date back to the time of King David. Until the tenth century, plain-song was the only kind of music used. In 900 part-writing was invented by Hucbald, a Flemish monk, and part writing was developed to extremes by the Belgian masters in the fourteenth, fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Palestrina, who lived in the sixteenth century, was the first great master of music, and produced church music which has never been surpassed. In the sixteenth century, also, began the rise of Protestant music. Its founder, Martin Luther, realized the power of song over men, and in the immortal chorales, some of which he composed, he established congregational singing, which was a potent factor in the spread of the Protestant religion. Mr. Marshall then traced the history of the Roman Catholic music from the time of Palestrina to the present day, and the history of Protestant music from the time of Luther.

In conclusion, the speaker urged the improvement of congregational singing by having all hymns sung in unison, a higher standard of organ playing, and a sharper discrimination between good and bad in choosing music for the church service. He deplored especially the use of light sentimental hymns and the use of music to draw people to church, maintaining that church music should be now, as it was in the time of the early Christians, not a means of pleasing men, but a means of praising God.

The lecture was illustrated by Gregorian chants, plain-song hymns, and German chorales, sung by six men from the choir of St. John's Church, Roxbury. Mr. Marshall also illustrated on the organ different forms of music. The Estey Organ Company of Boston and Brattleboro kindly loaned a small pipe organ for this purpose.

After the address, Rev. L. W. Staples, of Waltham, and Rev. L. A. Nies, of Dorchester, told of the success of the choir work in their respective churches.

Before the address appropriate reference was made to the deaths of two former members of the Union—George Frank Kellogg, of Brookline, and Charles Butler, of Charlestown.

The benediction was pronounced by Rev. E. A. Blake, D. D., pastor of Tremont St. Church, Boston.

WHAT OF THE ANGELS?

IN all the world of wonder that forms the theatre of the first Christmas there are sweet, heavenly beings, sometimes in the group of a great chorus, sometimes coming singly to herald the will of God, who challenge us and lead us to inquire: What of the angels? We have grown very matter-of-fact, we moderns, and there is not any place longer in our fixed scheme of things under the reign of law for the herald angels. They may sing their Glorias yet in poems, and the tale of their coming may be whispered into the wondering and credulous ear of childhood; how can we expect that this idle tale will elicit audience from strong men any longer?

Well, perhaps it is necessary that there should be times of reaction, when the wisdom which is true and from above shall be hidden from the prudent and learned and be revealed unto babes. Jesus found such a condition upon earth when He began the ministry that transformed the world. This was the reason that led Him to make the trustful spirit of a little child the condition upon which the kingdom of heaven is received by the human heart.

It is a poor and meagre life which becomes so wise or refined that it has no place in it for the angels, who came, you remember, to neither Herod nor the high priest. We are told so glibly about our vast material assets in this age of stupendous figures, that we grow confused in our reckoning and do not stop to ask ourselves whether or not we have kept the angels. It is a question worth the asking, however. The answer may well cause us to pause. The things that make us rich and strong are not our bank deposits and our fleets. Life may be richly endowed with all these, and yet be sodden and miserable. Open souls to the Infinite are of more value than any wealth or wisdom that leaves this out. There is no time to quarrel over the question as to whether there are angels or not, and whether or how they speak to men. The critical matter with us is to pitch our spirits so to the key and tune that we should hear them were they to speak. Had Mary and Joseph been mean in motive and debased in ideal, and had the shepherds been wrangling over debated questions instead of watching their sheep, there might have been angels still, but lovers and shepherds never would have known it, nor would we have been told the sweet story of Bethlehem. They were ready to hear what the messengers of God had to say; then the messengers came.

It is not a question of beating wings and shining forms and real presences; this matter of the angels is one of commerce between the human and the divine. It concerns our attitude when face to face with the unseen. If we are yearning and striving toward the responsive mood of Joseph and Mary and the shepherds, no questions will trouble us relative to the matter of angelology. The man who knows is the man who has listened and heard; he will have no theory to exploit. Enough for him that his ear has heard the music. And as for the denials — what were all the shoutings of

an army of deaf men declaring in contempt that there is no sound?

THE ENDURING CHRISTMAS

WE never can wear it out. Did you ever consider the meaning of this fact? The story of Christmas is never threadbare, although worn with repetition through all the centuries. It endures in all its charm and splendor, the one event about which the world never yet has heard enough and of which it never tires. What is the secret of this perpetual appeal to the heart of humanity?

It is not the uniqueness or the dramatic setting of the story. These are evident enough. There never was another night like this in Bethlehem. Poetry and painting have found the raw material for exquisite master work in the little village and the groups around the Baby on that first Christmas night. It has appealed to the imagination, calling forth to far flights through purest, holiest spaces the powers of the human fancy.

All this, however, does not exactly explain why it is that Christmas has endured the abrasion of these centuries and is still unworn and unspoiled.

The deeper secret is here. The Christmas story is perpetually renewed out of the love and yearning of the human spirit. Mankind will have just such an event as this. The Incarnation was not the whim of God. It was the answer of His very nature to the yearnings of the human spirit. God gave Himself to human life in the Incarnation because the essential relationships between the Father and His children demanded the unveiling. The human soul cries out for God, and the answer comes back from Bethlehem. The story is told and the spirit feels the glow of enthusiasm and the hush of peace. Out of its gratitude it adds splendor to the story that has satisfied its longings, and thus, with the passing of the years, instead of wearing away, the Christmas story is renewed and burnished. Nothing essential is added to it; no change ever has been wrought in those simple, sacred narratives in the two Gospels. The accidents that accumulate as the centuries pass are made from the appreciation and the gratitude of the human heart. No myth has been created, but an event in history has been hallowed by the outpourings of humanity's love and thanksgiving.

Tell again, then, the old story, with all the chiming of bells and the ritual of public worship, with picture and poem and song, with symbolic tree and gift of love, with gentle tones in the quiet hour with little children. Tell it all over again this year, in the happy consciousness that it has lost neither its beauty, its charm, nor its power. Rehearse it in order that, from every heart that is grateful and glad, from every soul that is enriched and strengthened, there may flood forth in reaction new wealth of benediction to accrue to the Christmas story. We serve our Christ in ennobling the story of His advent. We need have no fear that it ever can be made so common that it will be cheap. It is too holy, too divine, for this. It will endure forever, the imperishable Christmas.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS

THEY are ready now, wrapped and marked. There they lie — the substantial things which have been gathered to express our loves and our gritudes. So many packages! No, so many sacramental symbols! What is the gift, indeed? Materially, the product of loom and factory, it is; spiritually, only another symbol of the heart's language, which supplements word and letter and caress in telling those whom we love how much we love them.

There has been drudgery in the preparation of the packages, and uncertainty now and then as to what we ought to do, or might do. It is true that Christmas sometimes becomes the bond-slave of custom. It is the inevitable tendency with everything spiritual. Worship sometimes becomes mechanical; lovers' pledges occasionally degenerate to forms. It is not to be wondered at that the exchange of Christmas gifts — real sacramental proffer and receipt when truly conceived and carried out — becomes at times commercial bargaining. This degradation leads us, weary, to say when the new year has come: "I am glad that Christmas is over for another year!"

Still insisting upon reply, however, is the deeper question: What is the Christmas gift? Perhaps we shall reach an answer most quickly if we ask: What was the gift of God to man in the first Christmas? Surely it was no mechanical medium of a scheme of salvation. The first Christmas was not the mere inauguration of a spectacular justification of the nature of God. Jesus was sent to Mary of Nazareth and to the world because God loved His children with an everlasting love, and sealed that sacramental relationship with this Supreme Gift. Fellowship, yearning, sacrifice and self-bestowment were all in giving of the Only-Begotten Son.

Every true Christmas gift is truly understood as to its essential nature and significance only when we regard it as partaking of the same quality as the Divine bestowment upon humanity in the first Christmas. The true Christmas present is made, therefore, not because we feel compelled to make it, but because we love to make it. It is not a spectacle or a form. It is an outward sign of a grace in our own souls — the grace of appreciation and gratitude and love.

The packages lying there are not bundles of material products. They have been lifted into a new class by the love that has been wrought into them. Do you think it makes no difference that there was a mist in your eyes when you tied the box for mother and father? Was it of no consequence that your heart beat faster when you knotted the ribbon around the bundle for baby, and the package for your heart's love? Substance material before and material substance afterward; the mist and the pulse-beat were meaningless — so says the man who is worldly wise. How little he understands! You have laid aside the doctrine of transubstantiation as a theological refinement or dangerous heresy. The sight of the Christmas presents reminds you that you do wrong to forget the fact that spirit can lift material to sacred categories. The holy thing about the pack-

ages, the preciousness in them — all their preciousness, indeed — is just this in-breathed spiritual mood and passion that has made them what they are. You see the packages, wrapped and addressed; do you see them as signs of the loves and yearnings of life, the sacramental emblems of our Christmas? Such they are.

Some Christmas Hymns

THE section on Christmas in our Methodist Hymnal covers fifteen hymns, all of which are worthy, but some have higher repute than others. Only one of them is by Charles Wesley (No. 190), "Hark, the herald angels sing," first published by him in 1739. It has been called the most popular of all Christmas hymns, and is the only hymn by Charles Wesley, Dr. Duffield says, which has been included in the Church of England's Book of Common Prayer. No one can tell how it came into the Prayer-book. Many have tried hard to get it out, but in vain. It seems likely to hold its place, not only there, but in the hearts and mouths of universal Christendom. It is rather singular that when Wesley wrote it the first line stood: "Hark, how all the welkin rings!" It was changed to its present form by Rev. Martin Madan in 1760.

Still older, and very nearly as popular, is, "While shepherds watched their flocks by night" (No. 192), written by Nahum Tate in 1703, and sung now for two centuries. Tate was born in Dublin in 1652, and was poet laureate from 1690 till his death in 1715. In connection with Nicholas Brady, another Irishman, he prepared a new version of the Psalms, which replaced the old version by Sternhold and Hopkins.

"Hail to the Lord's Anointed" (No. 181), with which the section opens, is nearly a hundred years old, having been written by James Montgomery, born in Scotland, 1771. He was a Moravian, son of a Moravian minister, an editor by profession. Some of his best hymns (possibly this one) were written in prison, where he was twice cast because his liberal sentiments offended the government of the day. He recited this hymn at the close of an address in the Wesleyan Chapel, Liverpool, April 24, 1822, Dr. Adam Clarke being in the chair. Dr. Clarke was so pleased with it that he begged the manuscript and printed it in his own commentary beside the 72d Psalm, of which it is a version. Concerning another of Montgomery's Christmas hymns, which we have in our collection (No. 189), "Angels from the realms of glory," a good authority has said: "For comprehensiveness, appropriateness of expression, force and elevation of sentiment, it may challenge comparison with any hymn that was ever written in any language or country."

Another hymn that is almost a centenary, having been published in 1811, is Bishop Heber's "Brightest and best of the sons of the morning" (No. 186). Heber, Bishop of Calcutta from 1823 to 1826, when he died, will be longest remembered by his hymns, which include such universal favorites as "From Greenland's icy mountains," "Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty," and "By cool Siloam's shady rill."

Rev. Edmund H. Sears, a Unitarian minister, who preached for many years at Wayland, Lancaster and Weston, and then was long editor of the *Monthly Religious Magazine*, dying in 1876, has contributed two of our finest Christmas hymns, which are veritably poems (Nos. 194 and 195): "It came upon the midnight clear," and "Calm on the listening ear of night." The former was written in 1849, and Duffield calls it the more lovely of American hymns, "worthy,

as poetry, to outrank almost anything else of its kind and day." The second was pronounced by Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes "one of the finest and most beautiful hymns ever written."

Latest of all, but one of the very best, is No. 182, "As with gladness men of old," written about 1860 by Mr. William Chatterton Dix, a layman in the Church of England, born at Bristol, 1837, and dying in 1900. He was trained to a mercantile life, and found employment in a marine insurance office. Lord Selborne considered this hymn "one of the finest compositions of the kind in any language."

So Christ be preached and praised with fervent, loving hearts, it matters comparatively little whether the form of words we use was penned by Methodist, Episcopalian, Presbyterian, or Unitarian. Let us rejoice that He is honored and served by those who theologically and ecclesiastically see things otherwise than we. The Hymnal is a wonderful harmonizer and minimizer of credal divergences.

The Christ Child

DEVOUT commentators have always loved to find in the words of Isaiah, "A little child shall lead them," a reference to the peaceful influence and conciliating love of the holy child Jesus, as He moves among warring men and subdues into a heavenly harmony natures inclined like wild beasts to prey upon one another. The words of the prophet are in any case readily adaptable to the history and sovereign sway of the Christ Child. Even in human childhood there abides a power of influence — sweet, tender, and persuasive to good things. Transcendent is the excellence and marvelous is the motivating power of the divine Christ, who began His earthly reign as a little babe. It is the child Jesus who today is leading the world out from its native hate and cultivated selfishness into love and peace, and who draws humanity into His train as by a magnetic attraction. It is the divine infancy that is supremely significant for youth; it is the incarnation of Christ that determines the consecration of childhood. Childhood is sweeter and more full of promise today because the Son of God was once a babe. We reverence, therefore, a divine infancy just as we revere a divine manhood. Jesus was a perfect child as He was a perfect man. If He had not been first of all a consummate expression of innocent infancy, He could not have become ultimately the sufficient and sympathizing Saviour. Bethlehem, therefore, can never lose its unique place in the thought and affections of the hosts of the redeemed whom the Child is leading on.

Disappointing Temperance Legislation

THE Bishop of Bristol, England, in a recent speech has expressed his disappointment with late temperance legislation in Great Britain, where the "beverage" has such power in directing the decisions of the Ministry and of Parliament. In France the course of events has been equally if not more disappointing, the French Senate, by a vote of 141 to 116, having rejected M. Eugene Guerin's proposal to fix a limit to the multiplication of places for the sale of intoxicants. Since the law of 1880, which threw open the liquor traffic, these places have multiplied until there is now in France a drink shop to every 83 of the population. The increase of crime and the deterioration of the public health, during the twenty-four years which have meanwhile elapsed, have become so serious that men

like M. Guerin have been stirred up to do something to offset the growing evil. But even M. Guerin's moderate measure, which contemplated the restriction of the public-houses to one in every 300 of the population, has been rejected by the short-sighted French Senate. Nevertheless, neither in England nor in France should the friends of temperance be disheartened. The word discouragement should have no place in the vocabulary of a temperance worker, for temperance is God's cause, and shall prevail.

Dr. Bowne among His Peers

THE following report of a recent address of Dr. Bowne is voluntarily furnished by a Congregational minister of high standing who heard it:

"Professor Borden P. Bowne, LL. D., received a hearty reception at Harvard University last Friday evening, when he delivered before the Philosophical Association of the University his admirable paper entitled, 'A Report from the Philosophical Field.' Professor Bowne needs no introduction to a Harvard audience, and his great ability as a philosophic critic and expositor commands a respectful and even absorbed hearing for him wherever he goes. The brilliance of Professor Bowne is that of a clear and searching beam of white light. All the colors of the spectrum are there in combination, but clearness is never sacrificed to color, nor are rigid argumentation and critical analysis subordinated to rainbow rhetoric. Professor Bowne made some complimentary references, in passing, to Professor James, which were no doubt appreciated by the latter, who was present. The present philosophical outlook, said Professor Bowne, is auspicious. The chaos of thirty years ago, when all kinds of views in 'science' and 'philosophy,' so-called, were jumbled together in the interest of materialism and atheism, has given way to a general respect for the facts and problems of religion. This desirable result has come about in part by reason of a division of the territory between science and philosophy, a truer conception of the meaning of the terms 'natural' and 'supernatural,' and a better doctrine of belief. It is now seen that too much was expected of the syllogistic method of proof, and the appeal is now taken to life, on which philosophy abuts, and in which it finds its warrant. The whole lecture was full of the keenest analyses, the subtlest distinctions, and profoundly suggestive turns of thought, and the Philosophical Association of Harvard is to be thanked for giving the public of Cambridge such a metaphysical treat."

Opinions of Experts

RARELY, if ever, have we heard, on a single occasion, addresses more interesting, pertinent, suggestive and helpful, than those delivered at the banquet of the Wesleyan Association by Drs. Dunning and Horr and Hon. Stephen O'Meara. When these men consented to come and "talk" out of their *experience*, we expected something notable, and took the precaution to have a skilled stenographer present. The significance of what these men said comes from the fact that they speak that which they do know. Dr. Dunning has been for fifteen years editor of the *Congregationalist*, producing what many good judges in all denominations consider the best of religious papers. Dr. Horr was as long editor of the *Watchman*. He was especially well qualified for his work, happily adjusting his journal to the changing demands of the age. No Baptist paper was

more influential or more "quoted." To a genius for journalism Mr. O'Meara has added a life experience in it, and in later years directed both the editorial and business departments of the *Boston Journal*.

These facts, concerning the personal experience of these men, as we have said, give particular value to their addresses, for in connection with no work are there so many crude and mistaken notions as centre about the general management of religious journals. Men speak with great confidence of what can and ought to be done in special cases, who have never had the slightest experience in journalism. But because these experts "speak by the book," we urgently exhort our readers to critically read what they say.

PERSONALS

— Dr. C. C. Bragdon, of Auburndale, left last week for Pasadena, Cal., his winter home.

— The wife of Bishop David H. Moore, who has been ill at Portland, Ore., for several months, is reported to be rapidly convalescing.

— Rev. O. H. Call, of Oakland, Kan., writes, enclosing check for renewal: "I have read *ZION'S HERALD* for seventy years, and cannot well do without it."

— Bishop McCabe has taken up his residence at the Normandie Hotel, Thirty-sixth and Chestnut Streets, Philadelphia, Pa. His correspondence should be sent there.

— Governor Durbin has appointed President Hughes, of DePauw University, a member of the Indiana Board of Education, *vice* Dr. Scott, of Franklin College, resigned.

— Bishop Hamilton was the guest of the Methodist Social Union of New York at the Hotel Savoy, Dec. 6. About two hundred persons were present. The Bishop's lecture on "Picturesque Alaska" was greatly enjoyed.

— Rev. W. Orville Allen has accepted an invitation to supply the pulpit of Main St. Church, Nashua, N. H., during the first three months of 1905. The pastor, Rev. F. C. Rogers, D. D., will spend the winter in the South on account of his wife's ill health.

— President Roosevelt attended the weekly prayer-meeting at Grace Reformed Church, Washington, of which he is a member, last week, and at the conclusion of the service made a short address and held an informal reception, shaking hands with all the members of the church and Sunday-school present.

— Mr. and Mrs. Howard F. Bishop, of Ames, Iowa, sailed for India on the steamer "Lucania," leaving New York, Saturday, Dec. 17. Mr. Bishop is a graduate of Iowa State College, and goes to teach in the Methodist boys' Industrial School at Nadiad, Bombay Conference. Dr. Esther Gimson and Miss Hilda Swan, newly-appointed missionaries of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society for India, sailed on the same steamer.

— It seems strange to read that a grandson of "Stonewall" Jackson will receive an appointment to the Military Academy at West Point. The young man is now attending the Georgia Military Academy, and bears the name of Stonewall Jackson Christian. He is the son of a daughter of the great general who made so much trouble for the Union troops, who was a brilliant strategist and a hard hitter, and who yet was always the knightly soldier and the earnest, even evangelizing, Christian.

— Rev. Henry Marsh Warren has begun the holding of religious services in New York hotels every Sunday, and is meeting with great success. He uses the dining-rooms, which on all such occasions are crowded. Having shown that his idea is feasible and popular, he is about to arrange a regular schedule of services among the hotels. Mr. Warren at one time was pastor of the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church.

— At the meeting of the National Prohibition committee, held last week in Chicago, O. W. Stewart resigned, and Robert H. Patton, of Springfield, Ill., was elected chairman.

— Mrs. Berilda A. Coxe, wife of Rev. J. C. W. Coxe, D. D., of Iowa Conference, died, Dec. 15, at Augustana Hospital, Chicago. She was a woman of estimable character and many graces, and had won a host of friends.

— Hon. Frank Plumley, of Northfield, who served on the Venezuelan Claims Commission after the Venezuelan controversy with Europe, so successfully, has been called upon again to settle the claims of that much troubled country. He has received announcement of his appointment as umpire in the commission to settle the claims between the two countries which remain unadjusted. The communication, which came through the French ambassador and the Venezuelan *attaché* at Washington, contained some very complimentary allusions to his previous work on a like commission.

— Charlestown Methodism has suffered a great loss in the death of Mr. Charles Butler, who died last Thursday morning at his residence on High Street. His fine Christian character and wide benevolence were known to a large circle of friends. The funeral services were held at his residence, Sunday afternoon, and were conducted by his pastor, Rev. Dr. E. T. Currier, assisted by Chaplain D. H. Tribou, U. S. N., and Rev. J. W. Higgins. A suitable obituary will appear at an early date.

— Rev. W. J. Wilkins, pastor of our church at Londonderry, N. H., is in great sorrow by reason of the death, on the morning of Dec. 12, of his beloved wife, Mrs. Alice A. (Perley) Wilkins. Mrs. Wilkins was a woman of rare Christian excellence, and had a special aptitude for the sphere of a minister's helpmate. Her deathbed was a scene of wonderful triumph. The funeral was held at the church, Wednesday, Dec. 14, a large representation of the ministry and laity being present. By request of the deceased, Rev. J. W. Adams conducted the funeral services. He was assisted by Revs. Irad Taggart, Silas E. Quimby, Wm. Warren, and Rev. Mr. French, the pastor of the local Presbyterian Church. An obituary will appear in due time.

— The death of Mr. Howard K. Sanderson, postmaster at Lynn, son of Rev. Alonzo Sanderson, removes one of the leading and most useful as well as best-beloved citizens of that city. He passed away, after a long illness from typhoid fever, Dec. 14, aged 39 years. The press of Lynn speak of him in the highest and most endearing terms. The *Lynn Item* says: "He was one of the best examples of American citizenship. He was a genial man and his friends were numbered by the thousands and included those in all walks of life." He was one of the dearest friends of Governor Bates, and the latter says of him: "There is nothing that one could say that would be in too high praise of the man and his character. He seemed always to be happiest when he was working, and to enjoy his work the best when it was done for

another rather than for himself." Senator Lodge, in his tribute, said: "He was an able, high minded, public-spirited man." Congressman Roberts says: "His personal probity, high public spirit, lovable personality and hearty enthusiasm made him a splendid example of the best American citizenship, and endeared him to all

Continued on page 1640

NOTEWORTHY ADDRESSES

Drs. Dunning and Horr and Mr. Stephen O'Meara Speak at Banquet of Wesleyan Association — Proper Editorial Equipment of a Religious Journal, View Point of Secular Journalism, and Mission of the Denominational Journal, Considered

THE Boston Wesleyan Association assembled for its annual meeting in the Committee Room, Wesleyan Building, at 8 P. M., Dec. 14, only members of the Association being present. The only subject considered was the resignation of the editor of *ZION'S HERALD*. After frank and comprehensive consideration of the subject, it was unanimously voted not to accept his resignation. At 4 o'clock the regular business meeting took place, with the editor, publisher, and official visitors from the six New England Conferences present. Reports from the publisher, editor and treasurer were read and approved, and the officers for the ensuing year were elected.

At 6 o'clock the annual banquet occurred at Young's Hotel. Dr. A. E. Dunning, editor of the *Congregationalist*, Prof. George E. Horr, D. D., of the Baptist Theological Institution at Newton Centre, late editor of the *Watchman*, and Mr. Stephen O'Meara, a long time editor and proprietor of the *Boston Journal*, were the distinguished guests, and delivered superb addresses, as will be seen by the reports which follow. President Matthew Robson presided, and introduced the speakers.

The Editorial Equipment of the Congregationalist

DR. A. E. DUNNING.

WHOSOEVER has held any responsible position in an established organization knows the influence of tradition. Anybody who has come into an institution is bound by the institution; he cannot help it. The *Congregationalist* is almost ninety years old. When I came into the office I found myself, sooner than I expected, by the sudden death of my predecessor, at the head of our editorial staff. I suppose I was quite free in regard to my plans. We were a partnership, and my associates were willing to co-operate with me in every way. But I did, and I do this day, things that I should never have done if I had founded the paper myself. For instance, it was long a tradition of the *Congregationalist* that the editor-in-chief should read the whole paper before anybody else did except the proof-readers, and I have had to do that. I do it now — everything except the advertisements; everybody else reads those! I follow tradition in the arrangement and maintenance of departments in the paper, in the relative prominence of subjects treated, and in exploiting our denominational polity. I cannot get away from it. We have changed our departments in some ways. We used to have a financial and an agricultural de

partment, and an editor for each. We do not have these now; but I suppose I shall transmit to my successor, in general, the same policy which I have myself followed for the last fourteen years. This much may be necessary to be said to understand what I am going to say.

Now we have on our editorial staff four men, graduates from as many colleges, three of them ministers, graduates of three theological schools. We have three women, who have had a good many years' experience in journalism. Our editors, I believe, have all had more or less training in the work of the secular press; and most of them do, and, I believe, have abundant opportunity to do, work for daily newspapers and for magazines. A part of the time we have young women, graduates of colleges, as apprentices to learn journalism.

We have, first, the department of "Church News," with its own editor, who corresponds with some sixty persons scattered through the country, whom we pay, more or less regularly, something for their services — not very much, but it is considered, by most of them, some advantage to be connected with the paper. We have regular contributors like the editor of the "Children's Corner," and of the "Tangles and Puzzles." We have an editor in Chicago, to whom we have sometimes paid a full salary. We have a correspondent in New York, and have had an editor there. We have in London a journalist who serves us regularly by correspondence. We also have what we call consulting editors, having divided our territory into districts; and in each district we have three or four persons upon whom we rely to give us information concerning events not yet made public that are foreshadowed. And once in awhile some one of us goes around to these places, and we get together and talk things over. That is the "Church News" work.

We have a Home Department, which includes the family and the children and the cultivation of the spiritual life. We have an editor for that. We have a "Literary Department," with an accomplished gentleman, whose name is well known in literary circles, as the editor of that department. It is his business to review books, distribute books among people for review, make selections from books to be printed, and write literary editorials. I think that last week as many as a hundred volumes in a single issue were in some way reviewed or mentioned in the columns of the *Congregationalist*. We have a department of education, politics and sociology, whose editor tells the story of the world's work and life of the week, who examines our exchanges, including the leading dailies and current literature.

The managing editor and his associates take care of the manuscripts. I think we had about 2,400 unsolicited manuscripts sent in last year, of which we will use perhaps one hundred to one hundred and fifty. We do not discourage the sending in of these manuscripts, because while there is a great deal that amounts to nothing, we do get, sometimes, something quite valuable. The managing editor plans the paper, arranges its make-up — which last week included 54 pages — conducts the general correspondence, solicits such articles as seem to be necessary, and, with his assistants, comes between the editorial rooms and the composing rooms (I am speaking only of the editorial side of the paper. It is not my theme tonight to talk of the publishing and the business side).

Then the editor himself exercises a general supervision, decides in consultation with others the policy of the paper, what subjects shall have the most prominence, and who shall write for them, etc.

We try to do team work. We do not

think any one individual that we know is wise enough to edit a whole newspaper, even a religious newspaper, in these times. We go to press on Tuesday morning; and as soon as the forms are off, the responsible editors meet in my office to consider the outlook for the next number. We survey the field and discuss what looms up most prominently, make a forecast of what in the life of the churches and the world seems likely to be of greatest interest to our constituents, what meetings are being held, whether we would better attend any of them in person, or secure others to attend them. In a word, we set the machinery going, on Tuesday noon, for the week just begun.

On Friday afternoon all our editorial staff have a meeting in the office of the editor; the publisher is included, and sometimes one or more other gentlemen who are interested. There each editor reports the work that he is doing in his department. There is the frankest criticism; we each speak in commendation or in disapproval of the work of every other. We decide what shall be done for future numbers, what special work each shall do, where we shall get our writers; and we take particular pains at that meeting that every member present shall understand all that is going on in the office. The managing editor presides at this meeting. A record is kept of suggestions and plans proposed, and is read at the beginning of each meeting, so that we may have continuity. It has been a pleasant tradition of our office (ever since I have been there, certainly), that we have never had friction, and have always had a spirit of mutual helpfulness. I learned before I went there — what has been of great advantage to me — not to be offended at any reasonable criticism that should be made of my work. I have always encouraged every editor in the office to treat my writing just as I treat his or hers. He comes to me sometimes and says: "I do not think that is a good sentence;" or, "I do not think it is wise for you to say that." I encourage them thus to speak; and I do the same by them. So the personal element is out of the way, and we are able to discipline one another with entire freedom. In this way we work together; so that I think we are agreed at least as to what goes out to the public.

Now, as to the advantages of so large an equipment as this — it is small enough; I expect that when Mr. O'Meara, with his experience in the daily press, comes forward and perhaps alludes to the scores and hundreds of people that are sometimes on the pay-roll, this will seem a small matter. But it will seem to some that to have seven paid editors and others regularly employed is quite large for a paper that comes out only once a week.

I suppose one man could write all the editorials. But it would be an imposition, in my judgment, to have only a single view, for the denomination, of what is going on in it. As a matter of fact, this week four leading editorials were written by four leading pens. Four gentlemen of whom I have spoken each wrote one. One man, however able and however good his intuitions, is liable to make mistakes. He cannot help it. I make some, any way, and should make a good many more if I did not have tabs kept on me by quite a number of other people. Different points of view, and the same views seen by different eyes, are a necessity to a newspaper which aims to represent a denomination in different sections of a great country, with diverse beliefs and administration. We feel that there is a constant sensitiveness in the newspaper constituency. The daily paper is read anyhow, and some think it enough. We are reminded occasionally

by our constituents that they can get along without us, and sometimes that they will get along without us.

I said to you, Mr. President, that I would not tell any story; but, as you are an Irishman, I will tell one: One of your countrymen, sir, in Dublin told me once that he was being visited by an English peer at a time when the Home Rule excitement was great in Ireland. As the peer drove up in a jaunting car, he got into conversation with the driver, and tried to find out public sentiment in Dublin; and he said: "Now, my good fellow, what can we English people do to satisfy you, any way?" The reply came with a snap: "Begorra, we don't want to be satisfied." Now, religious newspapers have in their constituency some readers of that sort. Nothing displeases them so much as to be satisfied. So we do not expect to do that; but we do expect to be able to defend all the positions we take.

Another thing — having ample editorial force enables us to become much better acquainted with our constituency. Our editors go out through the country and through other countries. Last year our managing editor made an extended tour around the Pacific Coast, addressed the churches, and came in touch with the people. This year one editor went to Scandinavia (at his own expense, of course), and studied the temperance question there, and went to Russia and had a good chance to get an insight into some of the great problems of the war in the East. We believe this is a great advantage to our constituents.

We think it is an advantage to our advertising patronage to have an ample editorial force and to make a handsome paper worth looking at by business men. We get better advertising and of higher quality. As a matter of money it is good business (and I am speaking to business men) if you make a first-class thing.

It is certainly a trust, when men hold the interests of a great Christian denomination in their hands, to do that work just as well as possible. And I believe the time will come when each of our great denominations will endow at least one newspaper. You endow a college, and you believe that is the best thing you can do. But the newspaper goes a great deal further in its direct educative influence than the college. You send out a few men every year from a college, and they enter centres of life influentially; but you send 20,000 or 25,000 or 30,000 newspapers weekly into homes all over the country. You influence fathers, mothers, children, ministers, school teachers. You touch men and women in times of excitement, when they are tempted to hasty judgment. You clear the air of ignorance. You are doing a great service if you do well the education of the constituency of the churches. The denominational newspaper is almost the only means by which intelligent unity and co-operation of the whole denomination can be secured.

Now, I have said enough, except to say that we like ZION'S HERALD. We appreciate it in our office. We file away a good many articles that you send out, sir; and we are inspired by a good many things that are said there. And they have given us initiative, every now and then, to do something in our denomination that we would not have done if we had not learned it through ZION'S HERALD. And in that way, I believe, the truest Christian unity is promoted — perhaps more than in any other way.

The religious newspaper should lead, not follow, and so lead as to hold the confidence of the ministers and churches. That it may do this hopefully, it should have freedom, with the hearty and understanding support of those who are related to it.

I believe that editors should always consult those who are most interested, especially those who put time and money into the paper; and I am sure that when a fair understanding is had, as it is with us—and I presume it is with you—then those who conduct the paper can rely on the loyal support and help and confidence of those with whom the editors are associated.

Gentlemen, I am sure that any one of you could make a first-class editor. The only equipment lacking in an intelligent committee is experience.

Religious Journalism from the Secular View-Point

HON. STEPHEN O'MEARA.

HAVING heard Dr. Dunning's graphic description of the delights of journalism, I suppose I ought to apologize for having given them up. But I assure you that the halcyon days which the Doctor describes as appertaining to the *Congregationalist* are not paralleled at all by the far from halcyon nights which the journalist of the daily newspaper is obliged to give to his work. It was through no contriving of mine that I sold the *Boston Journal*. I was simply confronted with a proposal on the part of a gentleman perfectly capable financially of doing anything he undertook, that he should purchase, he making the proposition and I making the price; and I did not dare to refuse, for by saying "yes" I could come in five minutes into the position which otherwise could be reached only through at least fifteen years of hard work, robust health, and unbroken good fortune.

I mention this not merely as a quasi-serious apology for having abandoned journalism, but also that you may know something of my credentials as a speaker on journalism; for the value of what a man says depends much on what he is.

I began my newspaper service as a suburban reporter at five dollars a week, and ended by selling the paper. In the meantime I passed through every grade on the editorial side, for nineteen years; and then for eleven years afterwards had charge of the entire establishment, business and all. I consider that relatively to Dr. Dunning in this matter of the weekly religious newspaper, I am like a house-painter in comparison with an artist; because the daily newspaper does with a whitewash brush what the weekly religious newspaper does with a camel's hair brush.

I know very well that there is an impression that the weekly religious newspaper is not holding its own. I rather think it arises more from the frankness of conferences and the like than from actual conditions. I know very well, because I had seven years of steady reporting, and a good deal of it religious, in my young days, that you Methodists, in the conduct of your affairs, prize openness above all things. But if you want to conduct a business, it is wise sometimes, not to be a hypocrite, not to be a deceiver, but simply to keep your own counsel. I take an interest in all religious denominations, because in the first seven years of my newspaper work I suppose I heard more sermons than any other man in the United States. One small item of my work was an engagement of four solid months in reporting the Moody and Sankey meetings in the Tabernacle, in 1877. All this has carried forward my interest not merely in the affairs of all denominations, without being shaken in the slightest degree in my own faith, but in their institutions, and, most naturally of all, in their newspaper institutions.

The place of the religious weekly paper

in regard to the patronage of the public undoubtedly has shifted slightly since I was a boy. Living in Prince Edward Island then, my family and my neighbors got nine-tenths of the news of the great American Civil War from these weekly religious newspapers. That situation is vastly changed, even there. Having left in 1864, and having returned for a visit twenty-one years later, I found in the same town three daily newspapers. The daily newspaper, in a sense, is your competitor. In a sense it may become your destroyer, if you permit; but there is no need that you should.

The daily newspaper has reached, in my judgment, its full growth on present lines. I recently bought copies of the *Congregationalist*, the *Watchman*, and *ZION'S HERALD*, and examined them with a good deal of care and interest. I used to see as a matter of journalistic business every issue of those papers, but had seen them hardly at all for fifteen years, and I give you my word that in my judgment no daily newspaper in Boston has improved half so much in that period as the three papers just named. The daily newspapers, in my deliberate judgment, have reached their limit of creditable development, and in some cases are going to seed. The average daily newspaper of today as a serious instrumentality, as a means of accomplishing good and great results, is not the equal of the daily newspaper of ten years ago. It may print more of what it calls news, but it gives very little attention to serious subjects. There is very little of serious reporting. It is the freak that the average daily newspaper is now looking for. If this meeting tonight, for instance, were a matter of great public concern, and speeches were made as able as that by Dr. Dunning, and a gentleman should rise suddenly and call out, "Three cheers for Tom Lawson!" that would be the thing which the newspaper would want. The abnormal is news—that is perfectly plain. But most newspapers have gone beyond the abnormal, and are looking for the merely freakish.

So I say that, in comparison with the daily newspaper, the religious newspaper in its own field has nothing whatever to fear. Its field is clearly marked out, and it is not obliged to struggle with rivals. The daily newspaper, on the contrary, is fighting every other daily newspaper for advertising and for readers. That does not apply to you. With newspapers of the excellence of those I have examined, with the knowledge that the constituency represented by each of these three great denominations has increased in the fifteen years just passed, with the knowledge which comes to us all through public sources that the average wealth of the country has grown (and I am very sure that you would not acknowledge that the Methodists could fail to get at least their share of that growth)—with the knowledge, I say, that the papers are better not merely comparatively, but absolutely, and that the constituency is not only larger but richer, why should there be even a hint to the great general public (which includes the advertiser) that any one of these religious newspapers, or any other equally well conducted, is any poorer than ever before in readers or in money?

I can think of but one cause for such a condition, if the condition really existed. I am speaking without knowledge of the facts, but the possibility comes to my mind that, conscious of producing so good an article, you say: "The public ought to buy, and if the public does not buy it, so much the worse for the public." That position, once held by all daily newspapers, has since been abandoned by every one—not simply by the "yellow" papers, but by

newspapers of every type, up to the *London Times*, which, with all its prestige of more than one hundred years, a six-cent daily newspaper, with all the standing that it has with the British public and with the reading public throughout the world, has within two or three years made strenuous efforts to induce more people to read it—even offering bargains it taken within a limited time. Why not? If you are making a good thing in religious journalism, it is not only your privilege to see that the news of it goes to your whole constituency, but it is your absolute Christian duty to do so.

If you are conscientious as a Methodist, you have no option. If you believe that into whatever Methodist household *ZION'S HERALD* can be introduced, it will carry moral and mental enlightenment, it is not a matter of choice with you, but of absolute, solemn Christian duty to see that it goes into the largest possible number of such households. But it cannot go there of its own accord. In the early days of my connection with the *Boston Journal*, when I would read of the death of some one who had been a constant reader of the *Journal* for forty or fifty years, I used to wonder who would take his place. And many times there was nobody.

I have noticed that it is a weakness of religious papers to say something like this: "Every Methodist [or Congregationalist as the case may be] minister is our recognized agent." Now, that does not do any good. It seems to me that, so far as concerns effective help in extending the circulation of a newspaper, that or any similar announcement is very much in the same class with the false beacon on the seacoast. It lulls the publisher into security, and the good laymen in the churches into the comfortable feeling that, after all, although they approve *ZION'S HERALD*, and would be very glad to assist in its circulation, yet the pastor is looking out for that—when he is not. The work of extending the circulation of a newspaper has so little about it that is attractive, that volunteer service is of very slight value. It ought to be paid for.

I believe that the greatest circulative agency for the religious newspaper is the word of mouth, spoken by a man who knows his case. I cannot conceive that any member of the Methodist Episcopal Church in New England, who is earning more than \$12 a week, could look an intelligent, earnest man in the face, even though that man were paid for his services, and say, "I will not pay a nickel a week, the price of a car fare, in order to have *ZION'S HERALD* come into my house."

It is the personal touch that is lacking. I can give absolute confirmation of that in my own case. A short time ago, in the course of a political campaign, a weekly newspaper came out very strongly in behalf of a cause in which I believed. I knew the effect might be the loss of some subscribers, and I sent in my subscription to make good the loss of one. There had not been one minute for twenty five years when I would not have said "Yes" instantly to a request to take that paper, but nobody had asked me.

I think there must be an enormous uncultivated field among the Methodists of New England, into which this *ZION'S HERALD* should go; but it will not go if you wait for the people to come to you. It is intelligent, persistent, personal solicitation that is needed.

Every considerable secular newspaper in the United States has a circulation manager and a circulation department. In the case of large newspapers it consists, very often, of a circulation manager with

Continued on page 1648

THE PEACE CHRISTMAS

HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH.

'Twas the high feast of Rome; the
wheels rolled in flowers,
And the breath of the Aventine barley
rose sweet;
The Emperor waited the sun-crowning
hours,
And purple the Tiber crept on to his
feet.

He stood there in white as the sun
quenched the stars,
So the tribes he had quenched in the long
tides of wars.

And he heard the loud trumpeters say:
"Io! Saturnalia! Io!"

The trumpets of liberty blow,
Today shall all men equal be,
The slave as his master is free.
Today no war may begin,
Today let the happy fates spin
As they spun in the ages ago!"
Then the trumpets of Saturn all blew,
And the throngs of the revelers grew
By the purple Tiber's side,
And the Golden Age lived as in story,
That one day of Rome in her glory,
That one day of Rome in her pride!

"The hosts of the toemen no more shade
the hills,
The scythes of the chariots the blue
myrtles climb,
The breath of the lotus the war-galleys
fills,
'Tis the peace of the world and the
silence of time."

So the Emperor cried, on that morning
sublime.

"Ho, courtiers Vesuvian, the new morn
comes forth!

Is anything wanting that gladdens the
earth,
From the east or the west, from the south
or the north,
To gladden our festival Splendid,
By the captives of nations attended?"
One courtier bowed low to the Emperor
to say:

"Continuance only is wanting today."

The Emperor started, he saw the gods
shine,
And the porticoes white the festal bards
line;

And clear the trumpets blew,
And the Roman eagles flew,
From the Campania wide—
That one day of Rome in her glory,
That one day of Rome in her pride!

"Continuance only," the proud Emperor
said.

"Thou art right, faithful courtier—we feast
as to the dead.

'Continuance only?' Men's efforts have
failed,

The harp notes all die on the quivering
wires;

The priest kindled altars of Dian have
paled,

And the ashes of Isis lie dead on the
pyres.

The trumpets of Saturn proclaim

But one festal day with a name,

Oh, when shall they sing to the morn,

Thus shalt thou forever go on?

The Nazarenes say that their feasts never
die!

Call a man from the Catacombs; let
him appear."

The courtiers went forth 'neath the red-
dening sky

And bade the old patriarch Jasper, the
seer,

To come to the festival Splendid,

By the princes and nobles attended.

And the Emperor said, "Hail! tell us,
my friend,

How the high feast to spread that never
will end,

That Virgil foresung, that the prophets
foretold?

The feast that dies not in the ages of
gold!"

And clear the trumpets blew

The sun-crowned ether through,

And the bards sang of Saturn the story,

Of that one day of Rome in her glory,

That one day of Rome in her pride!

The world of the Caesars from blood-shed-
ding stayed,

The silver-oared galleys ploughed not
through the brine,

The splash of the fountains the blue myr-
tles sprayed,

And Jasper bowed low 'mid the silence
of wine,

And he said as shouts rent the cerulean
sky,

And gold eagles glinted the porticoes by:

"When thou makest a feast for thine own

self, O Rome,

To those that thee can reward,

Thyself art the guest at thy tables, O
Rome!

Not so are the tables of God!

Our fathers ate manna, and died,

The tents of the wandering beside;

We have tasted the bread of the spiritual
powers,

We have drunk of the fountain where
fade not the flowers,

And we say at the eve, and say at the
morn,

Eternity, thus shall thy cycles go on.

For when our white tables we spread,

We call not the rich who have garners to
spare,

Nor those who our gifts can restore,

Nor captives, the chains of their jewels to
wear,

Nor the souls that in pleasures are dead,
But the innless who wait at the door,

The women o'erwhelmed in their woe,

The helpless who go wandering by,

The child with wet eyes pleading low—

All who charity cannot reward—

And so share eternal the Feast of the
Lord.

Ye spread out your feasts for the dead,

But we for the souls that shall live;

And would you a feast of charity make,

Then yourselves for the Master of Life
forsake,

And Want and Woe to your tables take,

And the souls that ye should forgive.

'Tis thus do the Christians, for so spake
He,

The Bread of the Word, by blue Galilee!

Make thy Sæculum eternal, O King,

The law that is in thee obey,

And the chorals of Concord ye sing

Forever will last, with today!"

And clear the trumpets blew

O'er the walls and Campania wide,

And the bards sang of Saturn the story,

That one day of Rome in her glory,

That one day of Rome in her pride!

Boston, Mass.

LETTER FROM MISS CHISHOLM

[Written at Foochow, China, Aug. 8, to Miss Clem-
entina Butler, Home Secretary W. F. M. S.]

SINCE I am six miles up a mountain-
side from Foochow, you will pardon
me if my letter-writing is done in about
the same fashion in which we are living.
You may be sure, as I read of the support
some of the churches offered toward my
work, I prayed for you and them. I am
constantly praying that His Spirit may
prompt many to help, and that it may not
be a burden to any. Oh! if each one in the

homeland who has any part, however
small, in the support of a foreign mission-
ary, could only get one little glimpse of
those whom they serve!

Such a delightful voyage as I had from
San Francisco to Shanghai. It could
not have been better, I was able to
eat three meals each day, beside two
lunches. I'm sure, after making such a
statement, I need not tell you I proved a
good sailor. If ever any people had "fa-
voring gales" and "traveling mercies,"
we did. You know I had thought I was
to travel all the way alone, but instead I
found a missionary party of five sailing
by the same steamer. One of the ladies
was on her way to Foochow to become the
wife of the superintendent of our Metho-
dist mission press. So, you see, I had a
real missionary sister all the way. I must
not fail to tell you that I attended the wed-
ding of my traveling companion in Shang-
hai. What an introduction to China!

A gracious welcome awaited me in Foo-
chow. Miss Jewell, our senior mission-
ary, took me into her home until it
was time for my coming to this mountain
retreat, where I have been endeavoring to
learn "A" in my Chinese studies. Foo-
chow was not such a great surprise to
me as I thought it might be, although I'll
confess I was surprised to find the most
exquisite Easter lilies as common as our
most ordinary garden flowers. Oh, how
sweet and pure they seemed, amid the in-
describable filth of China! Fit emblems,
indeed, of that new life which dispels the
darkness of those who look for a great
light. The city is almost surrounded with
splendid mountains. They gave me a
homey feeling. If I looked down, I was
fully aware of the fact that I was in China;
but if I looked up, the dear old New Eng-
land hills seemed very near, and when I
remembered that they were all made and
kept by my Father's hand, I felt my heav-
enly home was nearest of all.

My first ride in a sedan chair was down
through the busy city, amid the bustling
crowd which mingled in the narrow pas-
sageways, which seemed like very narrow
alleys to me. Upon our return home, my
companion, who teaches on the other side
of the city, felt she could not return with
me, so directed my coolie men and left me.
Imagine my surprise, when, after a few
minutes, my chair was put down in the
city street, while my men disappeared.
The crowds jostled about me, pushing and
crowding, for my chair was very much in
the way of passing chairs, until my coolies
returned, only to stop again in a few min-
utes to quarrel with a shop-keeper. Not a
word could I say, so I just sat still in my
chair, eagerly watching for the first sign of
a familiar object. It was a dark, rainy
night, the darkness being relieved now
and then by the flash of a policeman's lan-
tern in my face. When we'd suddenly dart
into some dark corner, each seemed darker
than the one before, I would say, softly,
"The darkness and the light are both alike
to Thee, for the night shineth as the day."
At last I arrived at home, where a kind
welcome and a good supper were in waiting.
The experience was a fair introduction to
the joys of traveling in China, I suppose.

Before I got started in my studies I went
on a little houseboat trip. We were one
night and two days traveling forty miles—
not a limited express, quite. Starting early
in the morning, we did not feel the intense
heat which later in the day almost pros-
trated us. I did not think of China as hav-
ing more beautiful scenery than I had seen
in America, but my false ideas were shat-
tered with just one trip of forty miles.
With the most graceful motions imaginable
our boatman would take us over rocks,
among islands, along pretty stretches of

sandy beach, under the brow of some great mountain, and then out again into mid-stream. When evening came, we rolled ourselves in steamer rugs, and lay down in the bottom of that open boat. It was not a house boat, but a "sampan," a simple, flat, open boat. Just two American girls, miles away from a foreigner, and with four native boatmen sleeping in the other end of the boat! I do not think I'd feel nearly as safe under the same circumstances in America. In the morning we had quite an audience of men and boys to watch the foreigners eat, and when we cleaned our teeth they were highly amused.

We hear of floods, the plague, and uprisings, all of which send us to our knees. Kucheng has been swept by a flood, causing a very great loss of mission properties for the English people. Our property has not suffered at all, as our school buildings there are upon a hill. The English school for the blind men and boys was almost carried away. When help was taken there, they found those poor, blind boys had been obliged to put their beds up on tables, and to stand on the beds. When they were rescued, the water was above their waists. Missionaries of all the boards, both English and American, sent financial aid to those who have the work in charge. The missionary who is at the head of that school is one of those who went through that awful Kucheng massacre. A soldier found her among the dead, with a great cut from her ear across her cheek, and down to her throat. He kicked the seemingly lifeless body, thrust his knife into it, and passed on. That same woman, after being sent home to England, could not be content until she was permitted to return to that very city, where she now labors. I feel like bowing my head each time I meet her. Surely that life shows forth His praise from day to day.

Just today we have heard of another uprising in Kien-ning. Some of the heathen natives stole children and dug their eyes out, charging it to the foreigners—the missionaries—saying the eyes were used for medicine. The missionaries were obliged to flee, going to the river as a place of safety. Mr. Chester Holcombe, in his book, "The Real Chinaman," says: "It is far easier to criticize the Chinese than to understand them." I'm sure we should all feel the justice of those words more if we could put ourselves in the place of the Chinaman. Walking in such dense darkness as surrounds them, and buried under centuries of ignorance and superstition, is it any wonder they rise up as they do?

I am so happy in China. I feel sure that it is the right way by which He leadeth me, and I am enjoying great peace and rest. I know many are praying for me. I feel the prayers of those at home. God is keeping His pledge away up here, shut away from the sickening odors and dreadful heat of the plain beneath us, shut in among these seemingly everlasting hills. As the evening shadows fall about us, and God's beautiful lamps are hung out in the sky, we sing:

"Beneath the cross of Jesus
I fain would take my stand,
The shadow of a mighty rock
Within a weary land.
A home within the wilderness,
A rest beside the way
From the burning of the noontide heat
And the burden of the day.

"I take, O cross, thy shadow
For my abiding place;
I ask no other sunshine
Than the sunshine of His face;
Content to let the world go by,
To know no gain nor loss;
My sinful self my only shame,
My glory all the cross."

EMMA MAE CHISHOLM.

PITTSBURG LETTER

"IGNATIUS."

THE Minutes of the last session of our Conference are at hand. The average preacher pays little attention to statistics at a Conference. At his leisure he looks up in the published Minutes those items which interest him most. This year he finds that our gain in membership was a little over 2,400. That would seem encouraging; and yet hardly keeps pace with the rapid increase in our population. Our gifts for missions through the three societies amounted to \$91,000, or an average of \$1.40 per member. This is also encouraging; and yet, considering the ability of our people, and considering that the bulk of it is contributed by a comparatively small percentage of our membership, this is far below what our leaders feel that it ought to and must ultimately be.

We note among the new names on the Conference roll that of Antonia Di Miceli. He comes from the Congregational Church to ours, and has charge of the newly established Italian Mission. He is a native of Sicily. His wife was converted in the Methodist Mission in Rome, and is, like her husband, a very efficient missionary worker.

The preachers who moved are settled and at work, with numerous indications that congregations are generally well pleased. It would seem a little late in the season for any discussion of appointments in detail. There were, however, a few items in connection with the session of Conference which may be noted with interest to your readers:

N. P. Kerr, who served our Conference so faithfully for fourteen years as secretary, declined a re-election. Dr. Appleton Bash, his first assistant for many years, also declined the office. It was filled by the election of N. L. Brown, who proved very efficient.

There was a spirited rivalry for the entertainment of the Conference next year. Beaver's invitation, so happily and persuasively presented by Dr. Bash, was accepted. The new temple now building in that classic town is to be one of the handsomest and most convenient in Western Pennsylvania.

Our Conference is not suffering from a dearth of candidates for the ministry. Fifteen young men were admitted on trial—the largest class for many years. Among them were eleven college graduates and three others with more or less college training. Eight of the class had more or less seminary training. The class was criticised on account of the high average in age, this being between thirty and thirty-one years. Such criticism was not well founded. Almost without exception these men worked their own way through college and seminary. Somehow or other, God is not calling many sons of rich men to preach. Nor does He usually call boys; and the consequence is, that men who are determined to enter the ministry thoroughly prepared may be more than beardless youths when they ask for admission. As we see the matter, it is vastly better to have these men knocking at our doors with splendid preparation at thirty-one than to come in with only a high-school education at twenty-one. But another fact ought to be remembered. Many of these young men during their college and seminary days have rendered the church most acceptable service as supplies. All honor to the men who would be ashamed of ignorance, but not of age!

The Preachers' Meeting was addressed, Nov. 20, by Bishop Berry, who has taken

up his residence in Buffalo. He announced for himself a policy for the coming quadrennium which greatly pleased the brethren, and at once gave the Bishop access to their hearts. He proposes to live in Buffalo. He will travel through the connection in so far as holding Conferences and attending general meetings is concerned. The rest of his time he will devote to the interests of Methodism within easy reach of Buffalo, say from 200 to 250 miles distant. He will not accept invitations to dedicate churches, etc., where long journeys will be required. But the most striking feature of his plan is to hold a series of meetings within the bounds of the different Conferences. These are to be "Quiet Days with the Preachers." The morning and afternoons will be exclusively for preachers; the evening sessions will be public and evangelistic. His plan is to give one day to each district for as many preachers of that district as can be in attendance. He has accepted an invitation to hold such a series in the Pittsburgh Conference, but no dates have yet been fixed, so far as we know.

Prof. Frank C. Lockwood, of Allegheny College, a member of our Conference, delivered a series of four lectures on literary themes before the teachers' institute of this city in Thanksgiving week. More than a thousand teachers heard him at each session, and were delighted with his work. On the Monday following he addressed the Preachers' Meeting on "Mormonism and the National Government." Bishop McCabe was also present and discussed in his usual style the same question.

Bishop Potter, of New York, has recently been among us, lecturing and banqueting. Columns of the daily press have been given to notices concerning his doings. In company with Bishop Whitehead, of the local diocese, he visited and inspected the grand new saloon which is run in connection with the Nixon Theatre. There has also been in our midst another Episcopal clergyman, Rev. R. C. Fillingham, of England. On a recent Monday morning he addressed the Preachers' Meeting on the "Drift in the Episcopal Church toward Romanism." He declared that many Episcopal rectors in New York have gone almost wholly, except in name, to Romanism, and that Bishop Potter winks at their idolatry and other abominable practices. For which things he proceeded to denounce the Bishop, calling him a "moral monster." In a communication to the daily press, he referred to the famous New Yorker in the very same language.

The Pittsburgh Conference Epworth League held its annual convention at Vandergrift about the middle of November. A definite missionary policy was adopted, which bids fair to work well. The Epworthians of this Conference have been very aggressive in missionary matters. As a result Rev. J. R. Denyes is on his way to Java to open a new mission there under our League auspices. For this purpose four of our district Leagues last year contributed in cash nearly \$4,000, and have pledged the same amount for each of the two succeeding years. The McKeesport District League is not in this arrangement, but contributes a proportionate amount to support a home missionary in the coke regions. One of the most active of our missionary workers is Miss Elizabeth Hunter, of the Washington District. Plans have now been perfected by which she will hereafter give her whole time to missionary matters throughout our Conference League. She will have headquarters in this city, and her support has been guaranteed by a number of the League workers. The progress made thus far has been due in a very large measure to the persistent energy, devotion, and self-sacrifice of Miss Hunter. This new departure will greatly widen her field of usefulness. In League affairs it is an innovation, but one that bids fair to prove very useful.

THE FAMILY

DAD'S KITCHEN CHRISTMAS

So you trailed me, sonny? I had some doubt
That you'd see me leavin' when I slipped
out;

One gnarled old fellow, more or less,
Ain't much in a Christmas party's press.
And I'll stay, if I may, my good Boy John,
Here in your kitchen until they're gone.
I haven't got used to your city folk,
I'd rather stay here for a quiet smoke,
Rockin' and thinkin' and dreamin', lad,
For I'm only a sort of a kitchen dad.
It's a harnsome sight, your house, tonight,
But I haven't been missin' it, bub, a mite
By sittin' here alone for awhile,
For I reckon your neighbors ain't just my
style.

I'm proud of my boy who has won his way
In the world to the place where he stands
today.

Your mother and I, we didn't begretch
Boostin' you high as our arms could
stretch.

Poor mother! If only your marm was
here!

Christmas ain't Christmassy now, my
dear;

For it's hard to relish the fun, Boy John,
With your mother gone.

What is the tune they are playin' now?

Party, ain't it? But still, I vow,
Somehow or other it seems to me
There isn't the juice there used to be
In Christmas. People have grown too
wise

Or cold or callous. Oh, how your eyes
Would shine when you scooped as you
used to do

And hollered to San y Claus up the flue!
Your head was cocked like a pewee's head,
And you knew that Santy heard what you
said,

For that was before the world's cold axe
Lopped life of all but the solemn facts.
And Christmas mornin' the fun we had
Watchin' you tackle that stockin', lad!
I remember back when you dragged a
chair

To the mantelpiece, but didn't dare
To touch that queer, knobbed thing up
there.

I'll bet, my boy, in the years since then
That many a prize hung high by men,
Coming at last to your eager clutch,
Has never tickled you half as much.
For we lose the best as the years go by,
The grass seems dull and the hills less
high,
And even the blue dims out of the sky.
And to me even Christmas seems forlorn
Since your marm has gone.

So I reckon I'll sit in the kitchen a spell
Dreamin' and thinkin'. My pipe goes
well;

I look through the wreaths of smoke and
see
The old-fashioned folks keepin' Christmas
with us:

The tree in the fore room frosted white
With pop corn strigles, and the starry light
Of candles winkin' between the boughs;
The dance in the barn beneath the mows,
Where fiddle and frolie and youth and
health

Warmed us better than pampered wealth.
Those neighbors hadn't the smooth, town
shell,

But there's finer virtues than lookin' well!
Those old rag rugs with the twisted braid —
You know those rugs your mother made —
They'd show up mean in your parlor yon,
And I reckon your guests would laugh,
my son.

But I who knew 'em, snip and tack,
Weddin' colors and mournin' black,
Broadcloth and gingham and army blue —
I could read 'em and read 'em true.
Old rugs, old friends! To understand
You've got to know 'em, every strand.
The warp and woof of your city friends
Are gay and brighter, with no tag ends —
But a ravelin', sonny, now and then
Helps to judge of the weave of men.
Old-fashioned notions are mine, no doubt,
And it's better to smile — and not find out!
But I'm lonesome and lost and sad out
there
Where the soul hides back of the worldly
stare.

Go on to your guests and your quests and
your schemes,
Leave me awhile with my pipe and
dreams,

For I sometimes think it's a great mistake
In the dream called Life to be wide awake.
Night times your mother comes back to
me,

Lovin' and young as she used to be,
And I try, my Johnnie, to make it seem
That night brings the real and day the
dream.

It, when you come back, I'm asleep and
smile,

You'll know I'm with mother a little while.
So I'd rather be here in the kitchen, lad,
I'm only a plain, old kitchen dad.

And here, where it's quiet, I'll hear, may-
be,

A bit of the music — perhaps I shall see
A glimpse of that Christmas that God
smiles on,

Where your marmy's gone.

— HOLMAN F. DAY, in *Country Life in America* for December.

Thoughts for the Thoughtful

Christmastide

O little Son of Mary,
We bring our hearts to Thee,
Thine would we be forever,
From sin and death set free.
True son of God to save us,
True Son of man to bless,
Prince wast Thou born on Christmas morn,
All evil to redress.

— Margaret E. Sangster.

The first Christmas was ushered in with
song. Angels sang an anthem of peace and
good will to the enraptured shepherds, and
that has given the key-note to the celebra-
tion of the day ever since. In your ob-
servance of the day, do not fall below that
key-note. — *Wellspring*.

Let us not sing of Christ's birth, but
make of our hearts a birthplace for Him,
cradle His spirit in us, watch it tenderly,
and make it grow, till in our lives shall be
ripe and rich fruit kindred to that which
perfected in Him. — *Rev. J. F. W. Ware*.

Christ was born in an inn, to intimate
that He came into the world but to sojourn
here for awhile, as in an inn, and to teach
us to do likewise. An inn receives all
comers, and so does Christ. He hangs out
the banner of love for His sign, and whoso-
ever comes to Him, He will in no wise cast
out. — *Matthew Henry*.

Who knows but this Christmas-time may
be our time for finding our Christ if we
have wanted Him and been inquiring the
way? The star that at times seemed so far
away may now stand still over the place
where we, too, shall come to linger and
adore with a heart of praise. In the midst
of life's distraction would we be diverted
from our purpose? Would we allow all
the rich treasures with which God has en-
dowed us to be diverted and spent upon
the world? — *Rev. R. N. Van Doren*.

Swifter than a weaver's shuttle fly our
years. To people beyond early youth, it
seems as if the interval between one Christ-
mas and another keeps ever growing
shorter, so fast the twelve months flit past
us, so rapid is the revolution of the sea-
sons. Nevertheless, the bubbling up of
joy at Christmastide is the effervescence of
a perennially fed spring, the waters of
which rise from no earthly fountain, but
come from a world unseen and eternal, and
have in them the clear shining and the
sweetness of the paradise of God. — *Chris-
tian Intelligencer*.

The mists of earth blind us so often;
misunderstandings, hurts and heartaches
will come, and lives that are dear to each
other drift apart. But the very soul of the

Christmas-time is love — the love of the
Father, which overflowed all barriers of
sin, ignorance and wandering, and bent
down to us with its "unspeakable gift;"
the love of the Christ who came to us
because we could not, would not, go to
Him, who bore our griefs and carried our
sorrows, lived our life and died our death,
that we might know the heart of a brother.
Oh, if there is any hand that you have
pushed aside this past year, reach out and
clasp it now! If any dear tie has been
loosened, knit it up again on this gladdest,
holiest of anniversaries! If there is wound
or alienation anywhere, let it be healed,
and all bitterness and pride buried deep
under the Christmas holly. — *Selected*.

Christmas is kept by our own loved ones
who have gone hence to be with Christ.
That links us to heaven, and gives us
thought, nay, even gives us part, in the
life and blessedness of the deathless land.
That lifts our hearts toward heaven at this
season. Our loved ones are there. They
have entered in through the gates into the
city. They have seen the Lord. They
have been made partakers of His joy
and participators in His triumph. But
a little while ago they were with us.
But a little while ago they trod earth's
busy highways, just as we tread them
today. But a little while ago they took
part with us in the sorrows and the joys,
the toils and the triumphs, of the
earthly lot. But for them that's all over.
They are free from a world of grief and
sin, with God eternally shut in. With
some of them it is their first Christmas in
heaven. A year ago they participated
with us in the sweet and innocent Christ-
mas mirth of the home circle. They ex-
changed with us the familiar greetings —
they gave and they received the gifts of
love. Today those greetings and those
gifts can no longer be exchanged; and our
hearts ache when we think of that. But
they are our loved ones still, lifted into
higher life, ushered into a larger room, but
still the dear ones that we knew, thinking
of us with the same unselfishness, loving
us with the same affection. And it is their
first Christmas in heaven. A wonderful
Christmas, indeed! What sights to see,
what sounds to hear, what revelations to
be made partakers of, in the excellency of
the knowledge of Christ Jesus their Lord!
But be sure that on Christmas Day, amid
all the life above, their thoughts are full of
memories of Christmases on earth, and
their hearts go out in loving sympathy and
solicitude for those whose home coming
will make even more a heaven of heaven.
— *Christian Guardian*.

Blessed Lord, who having all things to
bestow didst choose the best for man, we
thank Thee for the joy of Christ's appear-
ing, for the advent of peace, the blessing of
good will! We come rejoicing with a
child's serenity of trust in Thy beloved
Son, whom Thou hast not refused for our
redemption. Let us have sweet thoughts
this Christmas Day of the humility which
stooped to want and despised not the man-
ger. Let all childlike hearts be glad to-
gether in the remembrance of their Lord
who was a child. May the joy of giving
and receiving which we have made the
sign of Thy great gift be perfect in our
hearts, and where we cannot give or help,
remember Thou to bless. Give us the
peace of which Thine angels sang. Hasten
the glory of Thy kingdom and let our love
of Thee bring forth good fruit in every
heart. In the name of Him who came to
Bethlehem and died on Calvary and ever

lives to be our Saviour and our Hope.
Amen!—*Congregationalist.*

* * *

How hushed that Christmas night were Judah's
shadowed hills!
How white and warm within the fold
The Lamb beside His mother lay!
How safe the nest beside the way!
How Bethlehem mothers, while they told
To sleeping babes upon their breasts, such love
as fills
Sweet eyes with happy tears, were blest!
No room, no room, and she
Was weary. Where will be,
O Bethlehem, her couch of rest?
A dreary khan Thy palace halls,
O Christ! The hillside hay her bed
And Thine. The pillow for Thy head
A mother's tender breast. Heaven calls
To earth with seraph song. Earth sleeps,
And she alone the secret keeps—
The cry she hears through all her pain
And deep mysterious joy again,
Hail, Mary!

—JULIA REDFORD TOMKINSON, in *Christian Advocate*.

RUHAMAH DENTON'S BACK PENSION

J. L. HARBOUR.

RUHAMAH DENTON'S little red house stood on the outer edge of the village of Wyndham. There were no other houses within a fifth of a mile of it, and it was as shabby and forlorn a dwelling-place as there was in the village. Selina Dart, one of the "best off" of the residents of the town, had said that very morning to her invalid brother, Reuben, as they sat at Selina's well-spread breakfast table:

"I don't see how Ruhamah Denton ever kept warm in that old shell of a house of hers last night. The snow drifts in through the cracks in some places, but I'll warrant you that Ruhamah would say that she had been 'real comfortable,' or something like it, if you asked her how she got along last night. And I'll warrant you, too, that if she didn't have a thing but dry bread for breakfast this morning, she is out feeding the birds a part of it. Nancy, you look out and see if she isn't feeding the birds this very minute."

Nancy, Miss Dart's maid-of-all-work, looked out across the expanse of glistening snow between the Denton and the Dart homes, and said:

"Yes, ma'am, she is; I can see her red hood plain as day."

The fierce wind of the night before had swept the ground bare of snow in one place in Ruhamah's little dooryard, and she was out scattering breadcrumbs for the birds to pick up. They knew her so well and feared her so little that they would eat crumbs from her toll-worn hand.

"You poor little things," she said, as she scattered the crumbs. "How did you ever keep warm last night? I declare, if I didn't lie awake thinking of you, and I kept my shed door open so that you could fly in there if you would. But I reckon the good Lord made you so that you don't feel the cold as I may think you do; for we have it in His own Word that He looks after even the birds."

Ruhamah lived alone in the little red house. It and the few bits of old-fashioned furniture in it comprised her earthly possessions. She had a big, clumsy

carpet-loom in her kitchen, and in past years she had not found it very difficult to support herself by weaving; but in recent years rag carpets had "gone out" to such an extent that few people in the village made them. Ruhamah worked out by the day when she could, but not many of the villagers employed help in this way, she was too far along in years to be very efficient, and had never been very skilful at housework. She found so little to do that people often wondered how she "got along;" but no one ever heard her complain, and she had never asked the least assistance from any one. Only Ruhamah herself knew how many times she had gone supperless to bed, and how often she had nothing but bread for her breakfast; but the birds got their crumbs even when this was true.

Letters were as scarce as dollars in Ruhamah's house. She had not, to her knowledge, a relative in the world; therefore the postmaster in the village was a little surprised when he found in the mail a letter for Ruhamah, and he said to his wife, who was helping him to distribute the mail:

"Here's a letter for Ruhamah Denton. I don't believe I ever knew of her receiving a letter before. It's an official looking missive with the Washington postmark."

"You'd better send it out to her by Joe Wright. He is waiting for his mail, and he goes right by her door," said the postmaster's wife.

Half an hour later Joe Wright was at Ruhamah's door, and was saying to her:

"Here's a letter for you, Ruhamy. The postmaster asked me to give it to you. It's from Washington. Mebbe the President has writ to you."

"Why, yes, like enough," said Ruhamah, who had the reputation of always being ready to "take a joke." "Like enough he wants me to take a place in his cabinet now that we wimmen are gitting in ev'rywhere."

Joe, whose bump of curiosity was abnormal, lingered, hoping that Ruhamah would open the letter, and that he would have information to spread regarding its contents, but Ruhamah laid the letter on the little mantel over her kitchen stove, and Joe was finally compelled to go on his way with his curiosity unsatisfied. Then Ruhamah cut open one end of the long, official-looking envelope and read that her application for a pension had been allowed, and that she would receive twelve dollars per month for life and \$685 in "back pay."

"The Lord be praised!" said Ruhamah, as the letter fell from her trembling fingers. Then she dropped to her knees and poured out her gratitude in prayer, with the tears streaming down her wrinkled cheeks. It had been three years and more since Ruhamah had made application for a pension as a soldier's widow, and she had long come to the conclusion that the application had been denied. There had been a great many formalities to be gone through with, and the delays usually consequent on the application for a pension.

When the word went forth that Ruhamah had received a pension and "all that back pay," she did not lack advisers. The universal opinion was that she should

take the six hundred dollars and repair her house.

"You can put your little house in real good repair for four or five hundred dollars," advised Miss Dart. "Then you can lay aside a hundred dollars or so in the bank for a burial fund or some other emergency, and you can be quite comfortable on your twelve dollars a month with your little garden."

"Yes, so I could," replied Ruhamah, but with a lack of enthusiasm that irritated Miss Dart, who had walked over to Ruhamah's house for the express purpose of giving this advice.

"I hope you'll do as I suggest," said Miss Dart.

"It would be a real good thing to do, I reckon," replied Ruhamah, without committing herself to any course of action.

Two or three chronic money-borrowers appeared; but Ruhamah shook her head, and was wise enough to refuse offers of eight per cent. interest for her six hundred dollars.

It was the week before Christmas when the money came, and some of Ruhamah's thrifty friends who had been most generous with their advice would have been somewhat disgusted could they have known what Ruhamah's first comment was when she received the money. It was this:

"Now, the Lord be praised, I can make a few Christmas presents! Folks have been giving to me so long, and I've never rebelled against poverty in the past as I have at Christmas times when I didn't have a thing to give to any one. Now I'm going to know something of the joy of giving, for I do truly think that it is more blessed to give than to receive. I've always wanted to give Christmas presents in return for those I have received, and now I intend to do it."

She got an old stub of a pencil and tore a leaf from a blank-book on which to write a list of the names of those for whom she intended buying presents. After writing the name she would sit in a reflective mood trying to "puzzle out" what she should purchase for each person.

"There's Miss Dart," said Ruhamah, "she has always sent me a mince-pie, or a plate of doughnuts, or a handkerchief, at Christmas time for a good many years, and I ain't had anything to give in return excepting to help her out a little when she had company."

It never occurred to the generous-spirited Ruhamah that, had she charged the usual Wyndham price of fifteen cents an hour for "helping out" Miss Dart, it would have amounted to many times the price of all the gifts she had ever received from Miss Dart.

"Then there is Mrs. Damon. I want to get her something. She has sent me a pair of nice warm house slippers or shoes every Christmas for three years, and I ain't done a thing in return excepting to help her for a week or two when Mr. Damon was so sick last fall. Then I don't want to forget Amanda Ray. She has given me handkerchiefs for three Christmases hand-runnin', and I want to give her something. And I ain't going to be selfish and give only to them that have given to me. That ain't the best kind of givin'. I'm goin' to give to some

almost as poor as I've been, who ain't anything to give to me or to any one else."

She found the work of making out her list very fascinating, and presently she dropped the stub of a pencil, clapped her wrinkled hands together joyously, and said:

"I know what I'll do! I'll have a little Christmas party, and — yes, sir, I'll have a tree! That will be splendid! I'll cook up some nice cakes an' have some real good coffee to pass around and have a little party. I've always thought that would be such a lovely thing to do. I'll have it Christmas night. Folks will be havin' their own trees and little parties Christmas Eve, and they'll be more free to come to my party Christmas night. I'll do it!"

The more she reflected over the party, the more delightful it appeared to Ruhamah.

"It grows on me," she said to herself. "I'll go over to Springfield where all the big stores are tomorrow, an' get the presents."

When some of the villagers saw Ruhamah on her way to the railroad station the next morning, they jumped to the conclusion that she was going to Springfield to deposit her money in the bank, and her prudence was commended.

"I was afeared she might kind o' lose her head an' do something foolish, as folks are apt to do when they suddenly come into possession of prop'ty," said old Mrs. Davis. "If she's goin' to Springfield to put her money in the savin's bank, it's the best thing she can do."

Curiosity was aroused to a high pitch when Sam Lane, the village drayman, reported that he had taken "most a dray full of stuff" to Ruhamah's house on her return from the city. Sam was unable to give any definite account of the nature of this "stuff," although he had tried to elicit information regarding it from Ruhamah.

Additional interest was aroused the next day when invitations to Ruhamah's party were received, and Miss Dart looked serious and said that she feared that Ruhamah was going to be foolish after all the good advice that had been given her. Miss Dart was even inclined toward going over to Ruhamah's little house and bestowing additional advice on her. Others did not hesitate to say that Ruhamah would have been wise to have saved herself the slight expense even simple refreshments such as were usually served at parties in Wyndham would cost her. Now that Ruhamah had received her "windfall," as some called it, those who had been in the habit of sending her small — very small, in some instances — offerings at Christmas time did not feel it necessary to continue their benefactions, and she received only one or two presents.

Ruhamah's little house was filled with her guests on Christmas night. Some had come in a spirit of curiosity, and others had come fearing that Ruhamah would "feel it" if they stayed away. She received her guests with smiling face and shining eyes.

"I should think she'd have got herself a new dress to wear to her party," whispered Mrs. Foster to Miss Dart. "That

old black mohair has been her best dress for at least ten years."

There was a small bay-window at one end of Ruhamah's sitting-room, across which she had a pair of sheets stretched. After all the guests had arrived, Ruhamah withdrew behind these sheets, and presently lights were seen. Then Ruhamah came forth, extinguished the lights in the room, and drew the sheets aside, revealing a brilliantly lighted tree, with gifts on every branch. Then she made a little speech.

"Dear friends and neighbors," she said. "I've already told you how pleased I am to have you here, and I just want to let you know that I ain't forgot any kindness I ever received from any of you in the years of the past. Many of you have remembered me every Christmas for a good many years, and it has always been a great cross to me that I ain't ever been able to give you anything in return. Now it is my turn to make presents, and you don't know how happy I am because I can do so. These are gifts of love and gratitude, and I hope you'll receive them as such. Now I'll be Santa Claus and call out the presents, and you come and get them when your names are called."

The name of every person in the room was called before all the gifts were distributed, although a good many of those present had never given Ruhamah anything in the past. When they reminded her of this fact, she said:

"That don't make any difference. You have been good to me in other ways, and your name is down in my remembrance book just the same."

Then Ruhamah distributed books, pictures, gloves, boxes of handkerchiefs, albums, bric-a-brac, and gifts of all kinds.

"Here, Louisa Thayer," she said, "here is that book of Mr. Longfellow's poems I once heard you say you would like. It was three years ago you said it, and I made up my mind then that if I could ever do it I'd get you that book, for I ain't forgot how good you were to me that fall I had typhoid fever. And here is that picture of the Madonna and child I once heard you say that you would like to have, Mrs. Dean. I had hard work to find it in Springfield, but I finally run it down, and I'm so pleased that I did. I don't wonder that you want it, for it is just sweet pretty, now, ain't it? And the frame sets it off so. Here, Grandmother Bass, here is one of them soft gray-and-white crocheted shawls, so nice for old ladies. You see I ain't forgot that you sent me a pair of crocheted slippers once."

When the presents had been distributed Ruhamah served coffee and cake to her guests, and her last words to them as she stood in her doorway watching them depart, were:

"God bless you all, and keep you well and happy for many a Christmas to come!"

Miss Dart took a pencil and paper when she reached home and "figured up" her estimate of the total expense of the gifts Ruhamah had given her guests.

"It amounts to more than a hundred and fifty dollars," she said. "I know just about what everything would cost. Dear! dear! The poor foolish woman! And Mrs. Deane told me that Ruhamah

sent every inmate of the poor farm a new two-dollar bill for a present, and she sent all the poor old people in the town something, and she sent Miss Perkins, treasurer of our foreign society, \$25 for foreign missions, and she gave the minister's wife a new baby carriage for her baby. What can the woman be thinking of?"

At that moment Ruhamah was saying to herself: "Yes, it's true, it's true. I know in my own experience that it just is more blessed to give than to receive."

Dorchester, Mass.

WHEN CHRISTMAS COMES

LILLIAN GREY.

The world forgets past sorrow,
And fear of some tomorrow;
And puts aside its sadness,
And tunes its voice to gladness,
And stills its strife and clamoring wild,
To kneel at the feet of a little Child;
And joy-bells chime out loud and clear,
And cheer the heart of the aged year —
When Christmas comes!

Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

Before and After

"AREN'T you sorry Christmas is over, Elsie?" somebody asked a little girl of quick fancy and quaint speech, her arms full of toys as she stumbled sleepily upstairs on her way to bed. The drooping figure became alert for an instant, the blue eyes flashed widely open, and she answered, joyously:

"But it isn't, Auntie May! Just one of the nicest things about Christmas is its being fringed out so at both ends."

Only after the excitements of the festival day are over are some of the best joys it brings thoroughly appreciated. It is not until mother reluctantly pierces with a first pin the silken surface of the cushion her youngest has made for her that she can stop to examine the painstaking tiny stitches, to note where an error has been made and patiently rectified, to picture with misting eyes how Nelly, the restless and romping, must have sat soberly bowed over the pretty trifle, faithfully tugging the needle in and out, eyes downcast and fluffy curls falling forward, sturdily resisting the temptation to run away and play.

It is only when father ventures, gingerly at first, to use his new penwiper — only after the inner flaps are irredeemably inky, and it sinks from the dignity of an ornament to the serviceable familiarity of an implement — that he realizes how exactly Marion has made him what he wanted. And how, until Jack has worn his new tie and Amy her new furs, and both have discovered that others besides themselves consider the effect to be all that it ought to be, can they appreciate to the full the elegance of those new adornments?

Day by day, too, the new picture in the parlor grows into the affection of the family. Mother and the girls, who come to dust, remain, duster in hand, to gaze; its glimpse of wide woodland gradually becomes familiar and dear as their own garden. To lose it would be as if one of the windows were closed in with a blank brick wall.

Every one knows that Christmas comes long before December 25 — every one, that is, who has planned and toiled and looked forward in the true Christmas spirit. Moreover, if this loveliest of all seasons is slow in coming, it is still slower in going. It vanishes so reluctantly, so imper-

ceptibly, that we scarcely know when it is gone. In the happiest households Christmas is never ended, for there is always enough of its bright and generous charm, its peace, good-will, and unselfishness, left over from one year to last until the next. — *Youth's Companion*.

A PUMPKIN PIE CHRISTMAS

GRACE JEWETT AUSTIN.

SLOWLY, and with panting breaths, Mrs. Harris climbed the steep flight of steps leading to Hannah Bent's back door. She held a covered bowl in her hand, and stopped for no formality of knocking. Miss Hannah was carrying a brimming pie to the oven at the moment, and gave only a cheery nod of greeting. When her burden was safely settled, she turned to Mrs. Harris:

"Real Christmasy weather, now, isn't it?"

But Mrs. Harris did not reply; she was looking with interested eyes at a row of pies and bowls upon the kitchen table.

"For the land's sake, Hannah! Are those all pumpkin pies?"

"Surely; aren't they good full ones?"

Mrs. Harris began to shake with laughter. "And what do you suppose I've got here in my bowl for a treat for you?" With another chuckle she took the cover off her bowl and disclosed more pumpkin. For a moment Miss Hannah paused, then also burst into a hearty laugh.

"Well, there must be a providence in it somehow; it's been years since I cooked a pumpkin, being at home as little as I am, and folks always so good about bringing in, but Monday I saw such a good little one at Johnson's — just such a one as we used to raise when father was alive — that I couldn't help buying it and stewing it down for old times' sake. I calculated it would make four pies — 'one to eat, one to give away, two to have for a rainy day,' and it made four fine ones. But last night when Tommy Hines brought the milk, his mother sent over a bowl of pumpkin — enough for two pies; then I thought I was fixed for sure."

"And here's plenty for two more," laughed Mrs. Harris. "But I might as well take it home and put it in the chicken pail. I don't see what you are ever going to do with six pies, and if you had to eat eight, I don't believe you'd ever want to see another pumpkin pie so long as you lived."

"Now, Mrs. Harris, I want you to leave that pumpkin; it's altogether too good for any chickens that ever picked. I guess Santa Claus meant this for a pie Christmas for me."

A look of disapproval crept into the visitor's eyes. "Now don't you feel that you've got to make waste, Hannah, just because I brought in that mess of pumpkin. You never in the world could eat up eight pies before they spoiled, and, if you could, it would be a shame to get so sick of them."

But Miss Hannah took the bowl, and placed it on the table. "I'm just as much obliged for this as if I hadn't a mite besides, and it shan't be wasted, either; I'm a great hand to eat pie."

The kitchen clock now twanged the hour of eleven, and Mrs. Harris rose to

her feet more swiftly than one would have expected from her size.

"Mercy me! I warrant my fire has gone out, and here it is almost noon. Hope you'll enjoy your pies, Hannah — the whole eight of them;" and with another chuckle, she was gone.

Miss Hannah took her fourth pie from the oven; then, throwing a shawl over her head, and with pail in hand, started for Mrs. Hines' house for more milk, that she might use the new gifts of pumpkin. She found Mrs. Hines with her dinner well under way and anxious for a chat.

"But, Hannah, how comes it you ain't out sewing this week? Generally somebody wants you badly the last week before Christmas."

Miss Hannah hesitated a moment, then said: "I had expected to be at the Butterfields', but at the last moment they decided to go to Chicago."

"Humph!" said Mrs. Hines, indignantly; "and never paid a cent, I warrant, after you had saved the time for them. Glad I'm not rich!"

Miss Hannah rose and took her pail. "I have always found the Butterfields very kind, but I should not want to take pay for work I did not do. Good-by."

"Humph!" said Mrs. Hines again, as she watched the little woman go carefully along the slippery path, but she did not speak as wrathfully as before.

Miss Hannah was bound to finish her pies before dinner, so it was one o'clock before she was ready to sit down to her baked potato and a bit of broiled cod-fish.

"I'm as tired," she remarked, "as if I had cut out a new silk dress, but I've got something to show for it;" and she looked with pride at the row of eight golden pies. Just as her dishes were washed, and while the pies were still cooling on the table, a carriage stopped at her gate and a man well past middle age, leaning on a gold-headed cane, came slowly up the kitchen path. She saw him coming, and thinking, "My yearly job of shirts," met him hospitably at the door.

"Why, General Elder, this is a cold day for you to be out. And I'm glad you've come to the kitchen, for I've been baking, and it's the warmest room in the house."

The old gentleman came in, sank down in the cushioned rocker she placed for him, then looked about and sniffed.

"Hannah, what smells so good? Are those pumpkin pies?"

"They surely are, and I guess you're wondering why I have so many." Then she told the story to the weary old man, and he laughed more heartily than for many a long day. When she finished, he said: "Now I know you won't refuse when I ask for one to take home with me. Your grandmother used to give pieces of pumpkin pie like that to your father and me in this very room more than fifty years ago."

"Why, I'm only too glad for you to have it; but can you carry it?"

"That's what my carriage was made for — to carry things; and I'd be proud to take one of those straight in to a directors' meeting."

Miss Hannah wrapped one while the General was asking her to make for him

six fine white shirts. It had been his yearly order for more years than she cared to count. She gave the customary reply: "I will do them, but I cannot promise them before February, for they have to be an extra, and hand sewing is slow work." This generally closed the business dealings, and after a word of remembrance about her dead father, his comrade in many battles, the old man would take his leave. But today something seemed to have roused him to new interest. He looked at her keenly:

"Don't hesitate to use the machine, Hannah. Keep your needle for the fussy parts."

But Miss Hannah shook her head.

"I have no machine, General. Of course one would be a convenience, but I sew at home so little that I have never felt to afford one. But do not worry, I'll sew them good and strong."

The General made a gesture of agreement, stepped for a moment into the parlor to look at her father's portrait, then, carefully carrying his pie, made his way to the carriage.

Miss Hannah smiled happily at her depleted row, and said: "Well, one pie gone where it was really wanted."

After that it was astonishing how those pies disappeared. Her washerwoman, with a family of eight children and a shiftless husband on her hands, welcomed two of them as a choice gift indeed. Miss Hannah's mother always believed in sharing with the minister's folks, so from that custom she shyly took one to the parsonage, where the tired house-mother received it gladly. Miss Hannah would not have confessed it to her severer neighbors, but one of the best pies went to what they called a tramp. Yet he was only a boy, and Mrs. Hannah read in his face a real soul-hunger for home and friends, as well as his bodily need. And while he ravenously ate the pie at her kitchen table, and drank the glass of milk that would have been her supper, she spoke kindly words that stayed with him for days, and led him at last to enter upon useful employment.

One pie she ate of sparingly as a luxury, but the day before Christmas found her with two still on hand. She stood looking at them in the pantry, then surveyed the meagre shelves:

"I'd like to do it — I believe I will do it. I know they can't afford a chicken any more than I can, but I will get a little pot roast, and we'll call it Christmas beef. Then with potatoes, and the glass of jelly Mrs. Hines gave me, and two pumpkin pies for a finish, we shall do famously."

So that evening she went down town to a room where a young couple were doing "light housekeeping." They were strangers in the village, and Miss Hannah had made their acquaintance as they sat in a back seat at prayer meeting. She knocked at their door, but, instead of the usual hearty welcome, listened to a general moving about before she was invited to enter. Mrs. Fisher, the young woman, was very busy in the kitchen corner of the room, while her husband was bent over whittling by the stove. Both greeted the visitor cordially, but she could see that something was amiss, and her heart almost failed her about the in-

vation; yet she gathered courage to give it, and was the more dismayed when Mrs. Fisher dropped on the sofa and began to cry. Her husband patted her awkwardly on the head, and said, with a certain dignity:

"Don't think we ain't glad of your kindness, Miss Bent — we surely are; but the little girl has been feeling pretty blue about tomorrow, and this good deed just upset her." He paused, then went on in a lower tone: "The fact is, I've lost my job, and it seems uncommon hard to get another. Sometimes I wish I had stayed on the farm."

Miss Hannah was sympathetic at once. She comforted the wife, and in some way put good cheer into the husband. Then as she started away to market for her "roast," she said:

"Now don't expect a banquet, though there will be plenty of pumpkin pie."

They had already heard the pie story, so she left them with laughter on their faces instead of tears.

Christmas morning found Miss Hannah awake early. To insure that a pot-roast has the tenderness of prime ribs, one must give long, judicious boiling. Her guests were invited for ten o'clock, for she wanted to shorten their hours in the dreary room over the store as much as possible; but before that the first surprise of the day came to her. The Butterfield carriage stopped at her door, and the footman came up the path, his arms filled with branches of holly and bearing also a box of Christmas roses. When these were deposited on the hall table, he drew a note from his pocket, and, bowing stiffly, said: "I am requested to give this to you, with the compliments of the season." He was correct and sedate, but when Miss Hannah heartily replied: "And Merry Christmas to you, sir!" even his lips relaxed to a smile appropriate to the day.

Miss Hannah rejoiced over the holly, and took great breaths of the fragrance of the roses, almost forgetting the letter. Then she opened it, to her astonishment finding within a ten-dollar note. The words accompanying were short, but they made her sit down on the stairs and wipe her eyes:

DEAR MISS HANNAH: I was nearly to Chicago before I realized what a wrong thing I had done to leave at the last moment with scarcely a word for you. The excitement of being a grandmother must have made me so forgetful. But I know you will forgive me, and will accept this little token of my regard for one who has been my right-hand woman in many a time of need.

Your friend,

IRENE BUTTERFIELD.

Miss Hannah rose to arrange her wealth of flowers. "It's too much," she said, "but somehow I feel as if the Lord sent it. My bones are getting so old I have to burn a lot of fuel to keep warm."

Her little parlor was just decorated when a rousing ring sounded at the front door. She opened it, but had to look wice to see that the radiant couple on the step was really the same as the forlorn pair of the night before. Mr. Fisher carried a great bundle under one arm that was surely a turkey, while the other arm was laden with a basket piled with celery

and apples and vegetables of all sorts. But Mrs. Fisher was so full of her good news that she was hardly over the threshold before she cried:

"O Miss Bent, we're going back to the farm! How homesick I've been to get there!" She was very near crying, but Miss Hannah exclaimed and asked questions till she found no time for tears.

The two had a wonderful time cooking the dinner together, and while they worked Miss Hannah learned by degrees the whole story. There had been bitter words and a parting between the farmer and his only son, but that morning, when the gift of the bounty from the farm had come, with a letter asking them to come home to the feeble father, they had not hesitated a moment in deciding to go. The story bade fair to have such a happy ending that the little kitchen fairly shone with happiness that day, and they declared that such a Christmas dinner was never eaten as that one which was adorned with roses and holly, and crowned with peace and good-will.

But the pies had the place of honor, and little Mrs. Fisher proudly carried home in her basket the one that was left, declaring that it should go all the way to the farm.

Yet even then Miss Bent had not heard the last of her pies, for at the sunset hour a wagon drove to her gate and an expressman and his helper struggled with a bulky crate. Their practiced hands swiftly removed the bars and cross pieces, and there in Miss Hannah's kitchen stood a shining sewing machine in all its glory of enamel and polish. A card was attached with the words: "For a comrade's daughter, from one who has eaten the best pie he has tasted in fifty years."

Miss Bent could not help laughing, though she read the kindly thought beneath the flattery, as she murmured: "They were certainly uncommon pies."

Bloomington, Ill.

A Trifle Close

"DID I understand you to state your opinion that Cousin Peltiah Johnson was a 'trifle close,' Mr. Smith?"

"So I said," answered Mr. Smith.

"Well, now, I have your idea of what a 'trifle' means. But I can tell you a story that will illustrate Peltiah's generosity."

"He and his wife hadn't made their daughter Abigail any Christmas present for a number of years after she was married, and Mrs. Johnson, she couldn't stand it any longer. She begged Peltiah to get something; but the most she could prevail on him to buy was a white cup and saucer."

"It wasn't much of a cup and saucer, but Mrs. Johnson put it up and sent it over to Abigail's by Peltiah himself. He got home about 10 o'clock and his wife helped him off with his overcoat. There was something in one of the inside pockets that stuck out a little, and said she:

"What's this, Peltiah?"

"Peltiah kinder chuckled a little and said he: 'That's the sasser.'

"'Sasser?' Mrs. Johnson cried out. 'You don't mean to say that you've brought that sasser of Abigail's back again?'

"That's just what I've done," said he.

"And what for?"

"Wal, the cup's a pretty good present for once, I guess, an' I give 'em to understand that they'd git the sasser next year. An' that'll give 'em, ye see, somethin' to

look for'ard to durin' a whole twelve-month!" — *Selected.*

AT BETHLEHEM

LUELLA CLARK.

A babe in the manger,
A song in the sky,
On earth benediction,
Rejoicing on high.

A glory for Judah,
A wonderful light
To lighten the Gentiles
In sorrow and night.

A Prince and a Saviour,
Immanuel, King,
An unfailing kingdom
Of blessing to bring.

A kingdom of mercy,
Of love and of peace,
Whose dominion shall ever
And ever increase.

Glad dayspring from heaven,
Break bright on our night;
For mourning bring gladness,
For darkness give light.

Hail, Son of the Highest,
Redeemer divine!
Heaven's hosts are Thy heralds,
The star is Thy sign.

Prepared is Thy pathway
In passion of pain,
But eternal Thy glory,
Eternal Thy reign.

Priest, Prophet, and Saviour!
Sing, hosts of the sky!
Shine, stars, at your brightest,
Redemption is nigh!

— FROM "APRIL DAYS."

Christmas Giving and Receiving

"THIS, then, is the Christ who comes to us once more on a new Christmas Day. He is the Christ who shows us that a human life is all the more human if it be free from sin — the Christ who proclaims unselfishness — the Christ to whom length of life is not necessary, and who plucks the sceptre out of the hand of death."

These, in the words of Phillips Brooks, are some of the gifts foreshadowed and made possible by Christ's Advent. He came to save His people from their sins. He is Himself the great example of a human sinlessness, revealing man to himself in an ideal of holy purpose. He calls to social service. He shows the reality of a divine life which finds the earth a training ground and opportunity, but is stronger and more enduring than the life we know. From Him come all our perfect gifts, crowned with the love which glorifies our imperfections. Is there any wonder that the day of the advent of God's Son has been made the day on which we express our affections in giving and receiving? The light that shines upon the many gifts is the reflection of the one Gift of God to man.

There is a lesser joy of Christmas giving which must also have its place whether or no men have awakened to the meaning of this highest blessing. The worth of Christmas offerings may be measured by their adaptation to our needs and our desires. That is a real, though lower scale of worth, self-centered as a child's thought often is. But to the second thought of the child and the first thought of the man or woman who has learned the secret of the life with Christ, the loving thought behind the gift establishes its value. We like to be re-

membered, we resent an inappropriate or careless offering.

How infinitely is the spirit of Christmas time and the value of its gifts enhanced by this love behind the thought. When we put something of ourselves into the gift, when our affection clothes it and speaks through it, then first it becomes worthy to be associated with God's gift of Christ for men. Here is the Christmas opportunity which laughs at poverty or wealth and is the portion even of the little child—the opportunity to let love speak. Better is the child's gift, shaped—and soiled—with long labor of unaccustomed fingers and wrapped with clumsy but loving care, than the costliest jewel that "pays a social obligation."

Nor must it be forgotten that there are heights of receiving also for the loving heart. For ten who can give graciously and enjoy the giving there is hardly one who has learned that even finer art of putting love into the taking of gifts which others bring. Here, too, is the parable of man's folly which fails to grasp the deeper Christmas joy. We are so unready to meet God's love which sent us Christ with full, unquestioning, joyful, answering love. To give, even to God, pleases our pride; to receive all from His love—redemption, life, joy, hope, the strength that overcomes—to take all and be eternally and completely debtor, is the hard but glorious opportunity of sinners.

Out of this receiving of love, so hard to reach, so happy in its gift of quietness of heart, comes our great opportunity of giving. For love is rightly eager to answer love according to the measure of its power. God's love reveals the opportunity of God's need. He gives Himself; He asks us for ourselves. To what shall the answering spirit of the Christmas time lead us, if not to give ourselves to Him, that, gift for gift, we may be one with Him in spirit, one in purpose, one in hope of everlasting love?—*Congregationalist*.

BOYS AND GIRLS

ROSY RED

N. N. S.

"I'M only an apple! I suppose you never heard of an apple that could talk, even if you do know about one that taught a great man a great lesson one day by only falling from a tree."

"Well, I feel as if I must tell you all a story about Christmas; not Christmas many years ago, but the very Christmas day that is coming this year (I believe the day after the day after tomorrow); at least, that's what Dora said when she came to the closet this morning, took me up, gave me a hard rub so that I've been shining ever since, and called out, with a happy little laugh as she closed the door: 'Oh, how pleased Ted will be! It's the rosiest, reddiest I ever did see.'"

"I listened through the key-hole and heard her tell mamma I was to go in one of father's socks and be taken to Teddie, the little lame boy whose mother was sick in the hospital, and whose father sometimes beat him. I fancied Teddie would be hungry, and that I wasn't long for this world, but decided there was no use in fretting."

"Alas! poor Teddie! However, I mustn't tell the end before I've told the middle."

"This afternoon I was shining after many more rubs—actually Dora could see her dimpled cheeks in my rosy ones—and I had been wrapped in a beautiful piece of snow-white tissue paper, when the closet door was opened very softly, a

boy grabbed me roughly, tore off the paper, and, with a chuckle, took a big bite right out of me. Then I heard cook say: 'I hear rats in that closet. I must set the trap,' and a moment after I listened to Bob's shuffling feet as he made his way, cautiously, up to the nursery."

"I was very much hurt, but more grieved, to think how Dora would feel when she knew her big brother had been mean enough to spoil her lovely plan for Teddie. I was so full of these sad reflections that I hardly heard the door open; then a bright light shone on my wounded cheek, and the children's mamma took me up tenderly, saying, 'Bob shall be punished for this.' I was to have been all he could have for his breakfast tomorrow morning, but I managed to roll down behind the flour-barrel and so live to tell this tale. My wounds are very troublesome, and I feel I shall not last long; but—perhaps if you get this in time, you might go and see Teddie and tell him it wasn't Dora's fault; and—perhaps you'll see that he and some other poor little children have a 'Merry Christmas,' in spite of there being such mean people in the world as Bob."

THE JOYFUL HOLLY

Of all the things at Christmas time
That go to make the fun,
No matter where you look, you'll find
There really is not one
Quite so jolly
As the Holly,
Not since Time begun.

On Christmas Eve, the Holly decks
The windows and the walls,
And with his friend, the Mistletoe,
He hangs on many halls;
And right jolly
Is the Holly,
When the twilight falls.

The children's voices hush in sleep,
The stars look out on high;
The fire burns low; but when he sees
The chimney corner, why,
Very jolly
Is the Holly,
For stockings swing near by.

And when the bells peal out their songs,
Some loud, some soft and low,
He hears the children's merry tones,
And sees the sparkling snow.
O how jolly
Is the Holly!
How his berries glow!

—BLANCHE ELIZABETH WADE, in *Churchman*.

TWO LITTLE GIRLS' CHRISTMAS

IT was Christmas morning. A Christmas-tree, still gay with tinsel, colored tapers and garlands of popcorn, but shorn of its presents, stood in the centre of the room. A little girl sat near by with her lips extended in a disagreeable pout. Numerous toys lay on a table, but the girl paid no attention to any of them. Her mother entered.

"Why, Ethel," she exclaimed, "that isn't a nice expression for a little girl to have on Christmas morning; especially a little girl who has received as many presents as you have."

"But, mamma," Ethel said, crossly, "I don't like my presents one bit. My doll is a brunette and I wanted a blonde; and I don't like my book. I wanted 'Alice's Adventures in Wonderland.'"

"But you haven't read your book yet, Ethel."

"I know it's horrid anyway, and I wanted"—

Just then the doorbell rang and a newsboy threw in the morning paper. He was about to go away when the Christmas-tree caught his eye.

"Oh!" he exclaimed, clasping his hands together. "How beautiful! I wish Ruth could see that."

"Is Ruth your sister?" Ethel's mother asked, kindly.

"Yes'm," the boy answered.

"Well, tell her that we will be pleased to have her come to see the tree."

"She can't, ma'am. She's an invalid and has to lie all day in bed, but she's always so patient and good."

"Was she pleased with her Christmas presents?" Mrs. Gray asked, with a glance at Ethel.

"She got only one, but she was so pleased with that. It was an orange, a great big one. I bought it for her, and she says it will make her happy all day."

The disagreeable expression had left Ethel's face. She eagerly whispered something in her mother's ear.

"Yes, dear," her mother replied.

"Where do you live?" Ethel asked, addressing the boy.

"In the first tenement house on Twelfth Street. It isn't a nice place at all. You wouldn't want to go there."

"Anyway, I'm going tonight," Ethel said, with a laugh. "I want to see your sister, and I am going to play Santa Claus."

That evening a little girl lay on a pallet of straw in the corner of a dreary, bare room. Her mother sat near, a look of interest on her tired, pale face. The newsboy knelt by the bed. The girl's face was aglow with excitement. "O Tom," she exclaimed, "tell me again what the little girl said!"

"She said she was coming to see you, Ruth, and she's going to play Santa Claus. I don't exactly know what she meant by that, but something nice, I'm sure."

A rumble of wheels was heard outside and a step sounded on the porch. Tom ran to open the door and Ethel and her mother entered.

Ethel passed over to where Ruth was lying and, after a few words of greeting, tied the softest of handkerchiefs over her eyes.

"I'll soon take it off," she said, gaily.

Then there were excited whispers, a hurrying back and forth and shouts of pleasure from Tom.

Soon the handkerchief was removed and Ruth opened her eyes in—fairylund! There stood Ethel's tree, again loaded down with presents. On one of the branches hung the doll that Ethel had despised, but that Ruth thought a marvel of beauty; and under the tree were piled bundles containing warm clothing and groceries.

I haven't time to tell you about the happy evening the little girls spent together, but that night, just before Ruth dropped asleep, she murmured: "This has been the loveliest day I ever had, mamma. I won't care now because I can't run and play like other girls; I have so many, many things to make me happy."

At the same time, Ethel, lying in her little white enameled bed, under the daintiest downy coverlets, was saying: "I'll never be so selfish again as I was this morning, and I'm always going to share my presents with some one less favored than I am."—FLORENCE M. ALLEN, in *Advance*.

SUPPOSE YOU GRATIFY YOUR TASTE by SERVING THE FERRIS HAMS AND BACON ON YOUR TABLE. YOU WILL LEARN WHY DISCRIMINATING HOUSEKEEPERS Prefer Them A Little HIGHER IN PRICE--But!

OUR BOOK TABLE

BACKGROUNDS OF LITERATURE. By Hamilton Wright Mable. Illustrated. The Macmillan Co.: New York. Price \$2, net.

This is a new edition, with additions, of a work issued last year, and of which we then spoke in high terms. It describes the residences and surroundings of Wordsworth, Irving, Scott, Goethe, Hawthorne, and several more.

EMERSON, POET AND THINKER. By Elisabeth Luther Cary. Illustrated. G. P. Putnam's Sons: New York. Price, \$2.

This elegant volume, with wide margins, fine binding, and handsome portraits, sets forth anew the great seer. There is not much, if anything, to be said about him that has not already been written, and we do not find that this author lays claim to, or possesses, any special information or unusual capabilities for her task. All sides of the subject are portrayed with high appreciation and unstinted praise.

A TRIP TO THE HOLY LAND. By Rev. Elliott F. Studley. With illustrations. Snow & Farnham: Providence.

The author has rewritten, with considerable additions, the letters sent to ZION'S HERALD and the New Bedford Standard concerning his experiences on the journey to Jerusalem with the World's Sunday-school Convention party, and made a very readable and every way presentable book. He had an observant eye, and handles a graceful pen. The result is pleasing and profitable. The fruit of the camera, handled by himself and some of his companions, adds not a little to the effect. This is but one of many books for which the convention is responsible, and it is one of the best. The publishers, also, have done their part well.

OUT OF WORK. By Frances A. Kellor. G. P. Putnam's Sons: New York. Price, \$1.50.

A study of employment agencies, their treatment of the unemployed, and their influence upon homes and business. It is not the work of one individual, but of nine investigators—a comprehensive investigation instigated and supported by members of the Woman's Municipal League of New York, and published for the Inter-municipal Committee of Household Research. Several hundred employment agencies in New York, Boston, Philadelphia and Chicago were visited both as employers and as seeking positions. The many existing abuses in the present system are thoroughly shown up, and public officials as well as all who can influence public opinion or action now have reliable data to go on in their procedure. Not only the common intelligence offices were looked into, but teachers' agencies, commercial agencies, free employment bureaus, etc. One chapter is devoted to state and municipal laws. It is a very complete and valuable volume—the best on the subject.

THE HIGHER RITUALISM. By Matthew Simpson Hughes, D. D., of the St. Louis Conference, and Graham: Cincinnati. Price, cents.

This is the last but one of the Methodist Pulpit Series. The present eight sermons were preached in Independence Ave. Methodist Episcopal Church, Kansas City, Mo., and are of a high grade. The one that will perhaps attract most attention is entitled, "Higher Criticism and Human Documents." The preacher clearly places himself on the side of progress, but he is by no means an extremist. He says: "The intelligent believer in the Book will not demand that it be exempted from the rules of evidence applied to other books. Objection to the closest scrutiny of the genuineness of the records is an evidence of skepticism, and not a token of faith. Those who by reason of scholarly qualification and

Christian experience represent us in the conflict are entitled to sympathy and encouragement." So say we.

A MEMORIAL OF HORACE WILLIAM ROSE. By Harry Wade Hicks. The International Committee of Young Men's Christian Associations: New York. Price, 60 cents, net.

This young man, who died in January, 1901, aged 26, was a very efficient worker in the College Y. M. C. A. department, mainly in the West, and afforded a bright example of the highest type of Christian student life. It was well to prepare this sketch of him; it will do much good. John R. Mott, who writes the introduction, says: "In his full-orbed, symmetrical character, in his Christlike service to his fellows, in his absolute abandon to know and to do the will of God, we find the source of his enduring and fruitful influence. The sentence which best epitomizes his ambition and life work is the longing he himself voiced, and which he most certainly realized: 'Oh, for the power to burn a path of light in these colleges for Christ.'"

THE WONDERFUL STORY OF OLD. Told for Boys and Girls. By Edward S. Ellis. The M. W. Hazen Co.: New York. Price, \$2.

The somewhat large price is made necessary by the fact that the book contains 58 costly full page engravings from the works of the Old Masters—a treat indeed to examine in this compendious picture gallery. The old story is also very well told.

MORNING THOUGHTS TO CHEER THE DAY. Selected and Arranged by Maria H. Le Row. Little, Brown & Co.: Boston. Price, 80 cents, net.

The selections are in Scripture, prose and poetry, a page a day, for thirty weeks. They are chiefly from Unitarian writers, 43 being from Emerson, 25 from P. C. Mo-zoomdar, and very large numbers from similar sources.

—From E. P. Dutton & Co. comes an attractive assortment of calendars, booklets, wall banners and cards, including, in calendars: "Fra Angelico," "With Hearty Greetings," "Stray Leaves from Favorite Authors," "Ye Olde Time Year," "The Secret of Happiness," "John Hassall's Comic Calendar," "Friendship's Message," "Gospel Messengers" (the foregoing in boxes); also a Phillips Brooks and a Robert Louis Stevenson pad calendar. The wall cards each have a beautiful verse or prose selection in ornamental lettering, with floral designs in color.

From the same House we have a small, leather-bound volume, "The Christ-Child, and the Three Ages of Man," by William Boyd Carpenter, Bishop of Ripon; "The Night before Christmas," by Clement C. Moore (the dear old poem prettily illustrated in color); "Excelsior," by Longfellow (with marginal and full-page illustrations in rich color); and three children's books in bright, attractive colorings: "The Little Kittens," and two "Model Books"—of "Trains" and the "Dolls' House."

Magazines

—The Christmas number of *World's Work* opens with a full-page portrait of Lord Curzon, and contains an excellent article by this most efficient Viceroy on "The Future of British India." Other important articles are: "An Inside View of Philippine Life," "Business Reduced to a Science," "Billions in Ten-Cent Insurance," "Senator Crane," "The Passing of the Chinese," etc. Tomlinson's remarks on the "Decline of the Ministry" we have referred to previously. (Doubleday, Page & Co.: New York.)

—The contributions to the December *World Today* are of great interest. Rev. A. A. Berie writes well on "The Industrial Crisis in New England," taking up the reciprocity matter as well as some others. He thinks New England industrially is at the turn of the tide, and is in

great danger, from the passing of her transportation lines into other hands, from the shifting of the cotton industry to the South and the shoe business to the West, and the hampering of her commerce by high-tariff rates. Prof. Franklin Johnson, answering the question, "Have We a True Portrait of Christ?" thinks we have none that can be relied upon as authentic. Other articles are on: "Race Track Gambling," "The Philadelphia Gas Works," "Lieutenants of Industry," "Japan Celebrates her Victories." (World Today Co.: 67 Wabash Ave., Chicago.)

—The Christmas number of the *Critic* takes up "New York Fifty Years Ago," and "The Likeness of Christ." Sir Wyke Bayliss writes on the latter, and concludes that the usually followed likeness of Christ is authentic, coming down by a sure tradition from the earliest times, and has as good evidence behind it as has the resurrection of Jesus. (Critic Company: 27 West 23d St., New York.)

—The December *North American* takes up "A Century of Politics," "English Feeling Toward Americans," "The Immediate Peril of the Negro," "The New American Music," "The Philippine Problem," and the "Situation in Finland." (North American Review: Franklin Square, New York.)

—In the December *Atlantic* Henry A. Stimson discourses, in "The Millionaire's Peril," on his great temptations from his large power and pelf, and from the irresponsibility and unscrupulousness of the corporations in which he is mainly merged. His sensibilities are dulled; he is compelled to live in a world of his own, where standards are artificial, ideals low, restraints few, where conventionalities control, and truth is rarely spoken in his ears—more to be pitied than to be envied. "Emerson," "Christina Rossetti," "Our State Legislatures," and "The Infinite Presence," are other titles. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.: Boston.)

—The *Chautauquan* for December treats of Munich, Mozart, Charles Wagner, Bjornson, "Co-operative Industries," and "The Evergreens." (Chautauqua Press: Chautauqua, N. Y.)

—The principal article in the *Homiletic Review* for December is by Dr. Borden P. Bowne, entitled, "Progress of the Last Twenty-five Years in Religious Thought." Two things, he says, have been specially helpful and noticeable—a just partition of territory between science and philosophy, and a better doctrine of belief. The old rivalry between Nature and God has disappeared with the acceptance of the view that the laws of Nature are simply God's modes of working, and the facts of nature the incarnation of His thought, evolution being simply a method of the divine causality. Great gain, also, has come from the grounding of belief on a vital and practical root rather than a logical and speculative one. "The great present need in religion is that Christians should let their light shine by incarnating their faith in life." (Funk & Wagnalls Co.: New York.)

—The 55th number of the Bulletin of the Bureau of Labor, from the Department of Commerce and Labor, reports on "Building and Loan Associations in the United States," and the "Revival of Handicrafts in America."

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THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

REV. W. O. HOLWAY, D. D., U. S. N.

First Quarter Lesson I

SUNDAY, JANUARY 1, 1905

JOHN 1:1-18.

CHRIST THE LIFE AND LIGHT OF MEN

I Preliminary

1. **GOLDEN TEXT:** *In Him was life, and the life was the light of men.* — John 1:4.

2. **THE FOURTH GOSPEL** was probably written at Ephesus, towards the close of the first century, long after the destruction of Jerusalem, and the martyrdoms of St. Peter and St. Paul. It was written, apparently, to confute the heresies of Cerinthus, of the Ebionites and the Docetæ, which were seriously disturbing the faith of the church. Its dogmatic purpose is evident throughout, and is summed up in the closing words: "These are written that ye might believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God, and that, believing, ye might have life through His name."

That this Gospel is the genuine work of the Apostle John has never been seriously questioned until the opening of the last century. Since the publication of Bretschneider's *Probabilia* (in 1820) the controversy has at times waxed fierce, the Tübingen school having been especially conspicuous in it, and maintaining that the date of the work cannot be fixed earlier than A. D. 100, and is not therefore the work of "the beloved disciple." Such scholars as Prof. Harnack still adhere to this view; but the array of scholars on the side of its authenticity is a strong and able one. "If the Fourth Gospel," says Farrar, "be the work of a *falsarius*, then the discourses which centuries of saints have regarded as the divinest parts of their Lord's teaching were the work of a pseudonymous romancer, who wrote with the deliberate intention to deceive."

3 **HOME READINGS:** Monday — John 1:1-18. Tuesday — 1 John 1:17. Wednesday — John 8:12-20. Thursday — John 5:19-24. Friday — 1 John 5:9-13. Saturday — John 12:35-47. Sunday — Rev. 21:19-27.

II Introductory

Not from Abraham, not even from Adam, does John derive the origin of his Lord. He traces Him back to the remote "beginning," and to "the bosom of the Father." He is the Eternal Word, dwelling with God, himself God; the Maker of all things; the Source of all life. For man He is the Light, shining in a dark place, it is true, and not accepted by those sitting in darkness, yet still the true Light, which, coming into the world, lighteth every man. John the Baptist was sent from God, but he is not to be confounded with the true Light; he was only a witness to the Light. The Light was in the world, but the world had no eyes to see Him. Even His own, who had been prepared by centuries of promise to look for Him, "received Him not." Here and there a few welcomed Him, and were, by the Spirit's power, enrolled among the sons of God, being born again from on high. There could be no doubt of the actual manifestation of the Logos: "The Word was made flesh." He lived and moved in our midst, the apostle declares. We were eye-witnesses of His glory — not a glory conferred by earth, but the glory which belongs to "the only-begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth." John the Baptist testified concerning Him as the one whom he came to herald; and from the rich plenitude of His grace and truth the disciples had been blessed. All honor to Moses, by whom the Law was

given, but Jesus brought "truth and grace." Human eyes have never gazed upon the invisible God; He has been "declared," or manifested, only by the Son.

III Expository

1, 2. **In the beginning** — before the acts of creation (verse 3); "before the world was" (17:5, 24). These words assert by inference, if not directly, the pre-existence of the Word. Was — existed. When nothing had been made, the Word "was." In the opening of Genesis the allusion is to the initial point of time: "In the beginning God created, etc." — a cosmic *Bereshith*. In John we are introduced to a state of existence which had no beginning — a theological *Bereshith*; for, going back to the very first, to the earliest conceivable beginning, still the Word *was*. The Word — the Logos identified in verse 14 with the world's Redeemer. It is difficult to explain the meaning of this term, but its essential idea is manifestation. As the human mind reveals itself by words or speech, so the Eternal Mind reveals Himself by the Logos. God — the absolute, the self-existent, the invisible Jehovah — is far above the comprehension of finite minds; but from all eternity there has been immanent, or inhering in, the Divine Essence an image or similitude — "the brightness of His glory, the express image of His person." This image, or Eternal Word, is the perfect counterpart of the Infinite Mind, the Divine Essence in manifestation. The Word was with God — co-existing and communing. Our Lord speaks of Himself as dwelling "in the bosom of the Father." Over this relation of Father and Son hangs a sacred veil which no human perception can penetrate. The Word was God — not God's, not merely the organ of revelation, but God revealing Himself; not merely the agent in creating, but God creating. There is no hint here of subordinate or derived deity. The Word is absolutely God, and therefore "separated from all created existence by an impassable chasm" (Liddon). The same was in the beginning, etc. — a summary, or climax, of the previous statements. In these simple but stately sentences are compressed truths of the greatest weight and moment — the eternal existence, distinct personality and essential Deity of the Logos. We pass now from His eternal to His temporal relations, to what Dr. Van Dyke calls "the human life of God."

The Old Testament Scriptures are full of the Logos. We read that all things were created by "the word" of His power. Our first parents heard "the voice" of the Lord God walking in the garden. The "Word of the Lord" which came to patriarchs and prophets, the "Angel of the Covenant," the "Wisdom" in Job and the Proverbs — in a word, all the manifestations were of the Logos. The later Jewish commentators were accustomed to personify the Word. But before John's day the Jewish philosophers at Alexandria had seized upon the term. They made the Logos the centre of their theophanies, but they so blended the Hebrew conception with Greek ideas and Oriental fancies, that its truth and practical value were lost. The Logos of Philo is, to say the least, of doubtful personality, and his incarnation an impossibility. St. John rescues the term from philosophical misuse, restores its connection with the Old Testament teachings, asserts the eternity and essential Deity of the Logos, and crowns all with the glad tidings that "the Word was made flesh" (W. O. H.).

3 All things were made by him. — See Gen. 1:3, etc.; "And God said," etc. See also Heb. 1:2: "By whom also he made the worlds;" also Col. 1:16. Without him. — Notice the Johannean characteristic (so frequent in the Epistles) of both a positive and negative statement. Not anything made — literally, "not even one

thing." All created existence, in all its multiplicity, animate and inanimate, is the handiwork of the Logos. See Psalm 33:6.

4. **In him was life** — the fountain and the fullness of life. He not only creates, He also verifies. All life streams forth from Him as its primal source. He is the vital force of the world, manifested through all the departments of being. No biologist today maintains spontaneous generation. Moreover, He is *the* Life, the true Life, the Bread of Life, the Water of Life, the Word of Life, etc. Without His vital energy neither physical nor spiritual life could continue for a moment (1 John 5:20). And the life was the light of men — another and higher step: first, creating all things; next, the life of all living beings; then, the light of men. Revealed to the world at large, the Logos is life — the Source of all motion, action, sense. Revealed to man He is this, and more. The Life becomes the Light. He not only enlivens, He also enlightens, illumining the consciousness with the rays of knowledge and truth. "Life" becomes "light" to man, because he has the capacity or receptivity for making it so, which the lower natures have not.

5. **The light shineth in darkness** (R. V., "the darkness"). — By reason of sin the original light given to man concerning truth and duty had become obscured. "Darkness covered the earth, and gross darkness the people." This darkness the light which emanates from the Word has constantly striven to penetrate. The Hebrew revelation was "a light shining in a dark place," and the stray truths which found their way into the false systems of the heathen were rays from this effulgent Source. The darkness comprehended (R. V., "apprehended") it not — would not lay hold upon it, would not receive it, refused to be illumined. "Men loved darkness rather than light, because their deeds were evil."

6, 9 **Man sent from God . . . John** — the Baptist; he was "a burning and a shining light," but his light was derived. Came for a witness — to herald and point out the true Enlightener. That all men through him might believe. — His preaching of repentance and testimony concerning the Light was designed to inspire faith in the *Coming One*. That was (R. V., "there was") the true light. — The Evangelist is approaching the great truth of the Incarnation. The word "true" is a favorite with him. He uses it twenty-one times. Its meaning (in thirteen of these cases) is "real," "essential," "veritable." Which lighteth every man — the Baptist included. That cometh into the world (R. V., "that,

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coming into the world"). — These words may refer either to "every man," or to "the true Light," probably to the latter. "I am come a light into the world," our Lord said.

10, 11. He was in the world — before, as well as during, His incarnation; and yet the world's Maker trod its soil unrecognized. This world's god had blinded its eyes (2 Cor. 4:4). It lacked the spiritual perception to see the glory which His humanity veiled. Came unto his own — His peculiar people; His by election, by covenant, by special training and privileges; His by natural birth. Surely they ought to have received Him. And yet they would not receive Him, follow or obey Him. Even His own brethren believed not in Him (7:5). This verse recalls the touching plaint over Jerusalem (Matt. 23:37), and especially the words: "But ye would not."

12, 13. As many as received him — His disciples and followers. To them He gave the lofty privilege and gracious ability of becoming "partakers of the divine nature" (2 Pet. 1:4), children of the Most High. The title of admission to this high aristocracy is His gift alone. Believe on — "characteristic phrase of John, occurring thirty-five times. It expresses the strongest belief; motion to and repose on the object of belief" (Cambridge Bible). His name — expressive of the sum total of what He is. Which were born, etc. — A new birth is requisite to become a child of God; and this is brought about not by physical generation or descent from some great ancestor like Abraham, nor by calm desire, nor by self-determination. Doubtless the will of man is a factor in the work of regeneration, but the sons of God are begotten only by (literally "out of") Him, through His Spirit (see chap. 3).

14. And the word was made (R. V., "became") flesh — the truth of truths, the mystery of mysteries! In itself, and in its redemptive purpose, the most august event in the history alike of earth and heaven! The Logos, who is very God, the Author of the visible and moral creations, the Life and Light of the world, unites Himself with man, condescends to robe Himself, not with a human body merely, but with our human nature, so entirely that He enters life as a babe, and grows in wisdom as well as in stature; takes upon Himself the nature of man with all its weakness and limitations, sin alone excepted; and this union to be not for time only, but perpetual — the Godman. "Great is the mystery of godliness," wrote Paul to Timothy (1 Tim. 3:16), alluding to this transcendent truth of "God manifest in the flesh." Dwelt among us. — The true Shekinah, as the original word indicates. We beheld his glory. — To the perceptive eye of faith the Eternal Essence of life and light and love, now incarnate, poured its rays through the veil of its human tabernacle. There is a possible allusion here to the Transfiguration. The glory as of the only begotten, etc. — Tholuck defines "only begotten" as "that which exists once only, singly of its kind." God has only one Son, who by nature and necessity is His Son. Full of grace and truth. — That is "the glory." Love, rather than might or power, had become incarnate.

15, 16. Bare witness — three times in this chapter. Cometh after me is preferred (R. V., "is become") before me. — As Whedon neatly paraphrases it, "My successor is my predecessor." Of his full

ness — not John's. Verse 15 is parenthetical. Grace for grace — unfailing grace; the fresh supply more than filling what was used and exhausted, so that grace kept pace with the development of Christian manhood.

17. Law . . . by Moses, but grace and truth came, etc. — The antithesis is in the verbs as well as in the nouns: The law was not Moses' gift — it was given through him by God and given all at once; grace and truth came and constantly comes through its Author and fountain, Jesus Christ. Says Abbott: "The 'grace' is the favor of God; 'truth' is the clear revelation of the Divine character and will, seen only dimly under the old covenant (2 Cor. 3:13, 14)."

18. No man hath seen God — not even Moses. All preceding manifestations, so-called, have been partial, veiled, symbolic. No man can see God and live. In the bosom of the Father — words expressive of the closest intimacy and fellowship. Hath declared him. — We are not left, then, without a vision of the Father. "He that hath seen me," says the Son, "bath seen the Father." "God was in Christ."

IV Inferential

1. We should not let the humanity of our Lord obscure for a moment the truth and glory of His eternal Godhead.

2. Whatever has been done by God from the beginning, in the creation and preservation of worlds, in the myriad forms of life and in the inner light of man, has been done by Him who "became flesh," and entered human history under the name of Jesus Christ.

3. No human torch — no "Light of Asia," for example — should be spoken of in the same category with the "Light of the World."

4. Unknown by the blinded world, unrecognized and rejected by "His own," upon those who did and have received Him, Jesus has bestowed the inestimable privilege of being born again through the Spirit, and of entering into the family of God.

5. Upon the sacred mystery of the Incarnation we cannot long ponder without our hearts swelling with "wonder, love and praise."

6. What treasures of grace and truth we lose by our neglect or unbelief!

7. The only way in which God has ever become visible to man has been through His only begotten Son.

Deaconess Doings

— Reports from the Invalid Children's Home at Verbank, N. Y., have an encouraging and hopeful tone.

— The superintendent of Asbury Deaconess Hospital says: "Our work is prosperous and looks more hopeful than for many years." A part of the new building will soon be completed.

— Spokane Deaconess Home has two new workers — Mary J. Comstock, who is made superintendent, and Mrs. Annie Sandidge.

— Ensworth Deaconess Hospital reports as many conversions in a year as the average church.

— The Deaconess Aid Society of Seattle aims for a membership of one thousand.

— "If I had had all the money in Chicago, I couldn't have received better care," said a recent patient at Wesley Hospital.

— Miss Isabelle Horton, a well-known writer, devotes most of her time and energy to work with the boys and mothers at Halsted Street Institutional Church.

— The Deaconess Hospital at Spokane Wash., reports a balance in the treasury of \$885 at the beginning of this year as against a balance of 98 cents one year ago.

— From the Deaconess Home and Training

HOW TO FIND OUT

Fill a bottle or common glass with your water and let it stand twenty four hours; a sediment or settling indicates an unhealthy condition of the kidneys; if it stains the linen, it is evidence of kidney trouble; too frequent desire to pass it, or pain in the back, is also convincing proof that the kidneys and bladder are out of order.

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School at Manila comes an urgent call for workers.

— Sibley Hospital, Washington, treated 850 patients last year, 225 of whom were free cases. Much nursing has also been done among the poor outside.

— The Wesley Deaconess Institute, founded in 1890, is adopted by the Wesleyan Church as a regular connectional institution. It is governed by a committee appointed by the Conference from year to year.

— Several rooms have been furnished at the Invalid Children's Home, Verbank, N. Y., at the Lake Bluff Orphanage, and at the Chicago Training School, by friends of these institutions.

— Salt Lake City has three new deaconess workers.

— Eight of the older children at the Lake Bluff Orphanage joined the church the past year.

— Chicago Old People's Home held the annual Thanksgiving reception, Nov. 21.

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CHILEAN LETTERS

IDA A. T. ARMS.

ON Aug. 9, at about 1 o'clock, we went on board the good ship "Seguranea" of the Panama S. S. Line. A goodly number of friends came to the pier to see us off, and we watched their fluttering handkerchiefs until distance made the sight impossible. It may seem strange, but while we strained our eyes for the last glimpse of beloved faces, I thought not of the long years of separation that lay before us, but of the joyous welcome that would await us when we arrived to greet some, perhaps many, of these same dear ones in God's own homeland.

Out and on we sailed until nothing but miles and miles of water could be seen. The darkness settled down, the stars came out, the waves dashed and roared, and then we realized, as every one does at sea, the loneliness of one's first night on the deep. But the morning dawned beautiful and bright. The bells rang out the hours cheerfully, we chatted with the fellow passengers, we read, we walked, we slept, and we awakened again. The chart said we were going south, and then again southwest. By and by we passed Fortune Island, Castle Island, and one or two less known points. Away in the distance a dim, uncertain line the sailors called Cuba's coast, and once we saw a beautiful long coral reef. How white it looked, and, as the water curled over it, the beautiful light green which we saw is unknown save to God, the Great Painter. Once a large school of porpoises came near the ship, playing their never-ending game of "leap-frog"—or so it always looks to us. Flying fish were all about us—"butterflies of the sea" I called them, as they darted, plunged, jumped and flew, now here, now there, almost faster than eye could follow. One even reached the deck at my side. It was about ten inches long and looked to me somewhat like a trout, but with no beautiful spots of color, and with the fins in front grown so long that they looked like wings—as indeed they are. Yes, of course we were seasick, but in a quiet way, never reaching the misery which some one describes as follows: "The first half-hour we feared we we should die. The second half-hour we feared we should not."

On Sunday evening we had a little service in the saloon, and Captain Oakes joined us in singing familiar hymns. Once when we sang, "Oh, where is my wandering boy tonight?" one young fellow near me whispered, "I am that wandering boy fast enough;" and later we learned that he was really running away from the telegrams which had begged him not to go from the closer touch of a mother's hand.

On Tuesday, Aug. 16, we reached Colon. The tropical vegetation seemed strange, as also the oddly built houses, but we could not tarry, and so took the train for the other side of the Isthmus. The distance across is about forty miles. The cars are not nice like ours, but there has been a great improvement since our first crossing in 1886. We saw glimpses of work begun on the proposed canal. Deserted villages and rusting machinery marked where work had been begun years ago; and sadder yet was the sight of the lonely graves all along the route—just a little white slab or an enclosure with palings of a little space here and there, telling how so many died far away from home and friends. Much of the ground is marshy, and the houses are built on long timbers, making them look as if on "stilts." We saw bananas growing, dates, coconuts, and another strange

looking fruit which no one could tell me about. The flowers were very bright and beautiful, and the railroad is built through a tangle of vegetation which never wearies the eye.

At Panama we waited two days. The hotel was fairly good, and there were a large number of Americans boarding there, but the heat was almost unbearable, and the mosquitoes made the nights anything but pleasant.

At Colon, and again at Panama, we met the genial superintendent of the road, Colonel Shaler. His faith in the possibilities for Panama is boundless, and to him it seems none of God's fairest lands. We rode down to "La Boca" in his own private car, and everything did look green and beautiful.

Here we took the S. S. "Chile" of the English line, and as "darkness drew her curtain round," we were off again, but this time, remember, we were in the waters of the Pacific instead of the Atlantic Ocean.

Our first stop was at Pooná, where we took on a pilot who should take the vessel up the Guayaquil River to the city of that name. That was a beautiful ride, for we could easily see both shores or banks, and here we enjoyed a most glorious sunset. Then the moon shone more silvery white than we had ever seen it. Tons of bananas and oranges were loaded at Guayaquil, and while there I first saw that wonderful little flower called the "Flower of the Holy Spirit." It seems rightly named, for down deep among the waxen petals nestles the pistil in the perfect form of a perfect snow-white dove. At Paíta, Peru, we tarried several hours. The bay is quiet, and the port is destined to be an important one when a proposed line of railroad leads to the interior. There are no wharves or docks built in the ports—none from San Francisco south except at Panama and Callao. Most of the harbors are very rough, and freight is brought out from shore in large launches to the waiting ships that are anchored far out in deeper water. Sometimes, at a few ports all ways, it is so rough that passengers have to be drawn up on board in a sort of chair car. Oh, how it bobs about! The bubon-

ic plague has been raging on the coast for a year and a half, so great precautions are taken against it. Any baggage from infected ports—even hand-bags—is fumigated, and twice a queer-looking machine was put up alongside and sulphur pumped into the hold of the vessel for four hours. The plague is spread by the rats, but I hardly think one, even, survived that ordeal.

The view of the coast range is dreary in the extreme—just a long line of brown heights, with no trace of vegetation. In many villages we saw not a single green leaf or grass-blade. The cemetery at Pacsmayo, where we buried a beautiful baby on our first voyage out, still covers considerable place on the hillside, but with no trace of verdure. At this place we saw the cars moved by the wind, the sails being operated as on a ship.

On Sunday morning, Aug. 28, we reached Callao. Friends came to meet us, and here we tarried till the following Thursday night.

BATTLE OF BOOKS

REV. JOHN COLLINS.

I HAVE just read a new book by A. Lincoln Shute, A. M., B. D. (Eaton & Mains), with an introduction by Bishop Merrill. The title is, "The Fatherhood of God," and it is a book for these times. The author examines theological theories, various assumptions, interpretations and sentimental notions, in a masterly way. He shows that the relations of fatherhood, brotherhood and sonship are not based on God, the Creator, but on Christ, the Redeemer. It is not by generation, but by regeneration, being born again, born of the Spirit, born from above, created anew in Christ Jesus, that men become sons and children of God's divine, spiritual family.

Universalists, Unitarians, Methodists, and other denominations, in this period of theological reconstruction, will find this book a revelation. Fraternities, circles, clubs, and brotherhoods of saints, sinners, brewers, bishops and saloonists, who are all talking of the "Fatherhood of God and

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the brotherhood of man," hoping to meet in the temple, the church, the grange, and the grand lodge above, will have lines of light and visions of truth they never had before, and it will prove a blessing through all time. Let it be scattered by the million!

Portland, Me.

A NEW STUDY OF Alpha Chapter, Boston University

REV. SETH C. CARY.
Biographical Secretary.

IN making a recent analysis of the theological graduates, the following items are developed; other items there are, both curious and useful, but not of general interest.

There are 1,046 graduates; deceased, 167; supernumerary, 38; superannuated, 59. Eighty-nine (89) are in other churches and denominations, as follows: Campbellite, 1; Church of England, 1; Christian Science, 1; Evangelical Association, 1; Free Baptist, 1; Methodist Protestant, 1; Pentecostal Church, 1; United Brethren, 1; Wesleyan, 1; African Methodist Episcopal Zion, 2; Unitarian, 2; Methodist Episcopal Church, South, 3; African Methodist Episcopal Church, 5; Protestant Episcopal, 6; Presbyterian, 7; Methodist Church of Canada, 10; Congregational, 43; making 17 churches or bodies. Then they are found in 78 Conferences in our own church, ranging all the way from one to one hundred in a Conference.

A few are in business, some are local preachers, and in various places of service in the church. Three are bishops, 4 are chaplains, 3 are editors, 3 corresponding secretaries, 12 presidents, 28 presiding elders, 35 professors.

The first class was graduated in 1850, and the one living member of that class was superannuated only a year ago, but he still continues to preach occasionally.

These items serve to indicate in some

small measure the world-wide reach and influence of this, our oldest School of Theology.

Winchendon, Mass.

W. F. M. S. Notes



—The whole New England Branch looks for \$40,000 for the coming year.

—Some nice picture cards were sent to Miss Chisholm at Foochow from a good friend in the Deaconess Home in Boston.

—Mt. Bellingham Church, Chelsea, leads the van with 25 new members.

—Fifty thousand copies of "Dux Christus" were issued in the first edition of this text-book for next year, so that there might be no delay in supplying the large demand.

—One of our Bible women in Japan writes: "My country is in a terrible war, and our hearts and hands will be full in trying to relieve distress among the families and in Red Cross work. Pray that our work for Christ may not be overwhelmed in this struggle!"

"For Christ in Fukien" is the title of a little pamphlet which gives an account of the martyrdom of the missionaries at Kucheng where our Branch Missionary, Miss Hartford, was so wonderfully saved. It is published by the Church Missionary Society.

—Every Branch officer has been asked to secure at least one new member. Mrs. Lippitt is at the head of the list, as she has secured eleven new members for her auxiliary since the Branch annual.

—The evangelistic work at Kolar, South India, is most prosperous. Recently nine were baptized, of whom seven were from Hinduism and two from Mohammedanism. Our girls' orphanage is flourishing, the school having received high praise from a Brahmin gentleman in government service who recently examined the institution.

—The appeal for Scripture cards and good pictures for the hospital in Tokyo is worthy of attention. Many could spare a few pretty pictures which they would not miss, out of their abundance, but which will cheer many a wounded soldier during the long weeks of convalescence. Mail to Miss Bing, Methodist Missions, Aoyama, Tokyo.

—The \$1,000 given by a friend in New Haven, which so heartened the workers that the increase of appropriation was voted almost immediately after its announcement, has been paid, and will be applied to a building in Tex Hoe, China, where Miss Todd and Miss Marriott are laboring.

—Don't forget to furnish your winter coat with a Standard Bearer's badge, so that we may recognize each other as we pass by the way. Keep one on the coat all the time, and have a second one—they cost only ten cents—for indoor use. You may help some one not to forget their pledge by your faithfulness in this matter.

—The dainty little recruiting cards for Young People's Societies are free for postage from Mrs. Small, Room 16, 38 Bromfield St. Plan for a grand rally in January, using these as helps.

—Miss Harvey's new buildings are under way, and we look for an improvement in the health of the girls when they can have suitable quarters instead of the miserable houses which now are their only shelter.

—Some of the stations in India have been visited by the plague, and in one case it came so near that it was thought advisable for our missionary and all the girls to be inoculated. To date none of them have been stricken with the awful disease.

—Mrs. Parker is itinerating in the villages around Moradabad, where she is considered as a mother to all the native Christian women and girls, many of whom have been educated under her supervision. Her days are filled with

blessed labor for the upbuilding of these Christians.

—An artist is at work on the new life membership certificate of our Young People's Societies. It will take only \$15 to make one of our number a life member. Who will be the first in New England to do this, and to present the fine certificate to the chosen one at the rally? Here is a way to show your affection and also to help the work. That certificate will be an inspiration to the holder.

—Under the will of a beloved sister in the Maine Conference, who followed this work with deep interest during her lifetime, and who gave generously to the N. E. Branch appropriations, \$500 has been received. Her daughter brings this last testimonial of the love of her mother for the women in India.

—The new buildings of the Elizabeth Sleeper Davis Hospital in Pekin will be begun in March, as soon as the frost is out of the ground. The present rented buildings where the medical work is carried on by Dr. Gloss, under great difficulties on account of the lack of space and proper facilities, are the reminders of the care exercised by our missionaries. In spite of the discomforts of the rented houses, they have refrained from building until all the conditions were favorable.

—Mr. Wang Ching Chun, who has been in charge of the Industrial Exhibit from China at the St. Louis Fair, is a graduate of our school at Pekin, and his wife is one of our W. F. M. S. girls from the Pekin school. Miss Cushman had a very pleasant interview with him on her way from Kansas City. These fine Christian people are doing much for our church by their example of industry and uprightness.

—A leaflet on the seven Standard Bearer missionaries of this Branch is being prepared and will soon be ready. Write to Mrs. Miranda Croucher Packard at Medford for ideas and plans for your rally and the work of the year. As our secretary of young people's work she is gathering all the best helps for our use during the winter months. Fifty-nine missionaries are now assigned to Standard Bearers for support. Over 40,000 members are reported.

—We would call attention to the new stationery of the Society at headquarters. It comes in both blue and white, at 25 cents per box and postage; by the quire, 18 cents; 100 sheets, 60 cents; 100 envelopes, 40 cents. Remember the postage on all orders for stationery and literature.

—Call at the Depot of Supplies, Room 16, No. 38 Bromfield St., for Christmas presents. The beautiful Japanese Calendar is just what a friend would like. Then there are books—such fine ones—or a badge of the Society, or a solid silver Standard Bearer badge, and then a subscription to the *Friend* is always in order. Let us make our gifts double this year, blessing more than one heart, in more than one way. How could you do as much with 50 cents as you will if you subscribe for the *Woman's Missionary Friend*? It will reach the person twelve times, and she may lend it to others and some one be touched whom you could never find in any other way. Is it not time that we make our Christmas a "holy" day, with a thought of Christ in all our gifts?

—The amount asked for Manila as a thank-offering from the Standard Bearers has been raised. The coming year the young people are asked to join with the auxiliaries in their object. Maine and East Maine Conferences have taken the country medical work about Chang Li, where our beloved Dr. Terry goes in the queer cart which we see in No. 12 of the pictures which illustrate "Rex Christus." New Hampshire takes the building needed at Yeng Ping for Miss Hartford's home and school. New England Conference joins in this excellent project, and together they will easily raise the required \$2,000. Vermont has the hospital work at Chang Li, and will have some very good accounts of the work to distribute later. New England Southern has the day school at Yamabukicho, Japan, where so many of the little ones learn the Gospel truths and carry them back to their homes. New York East will raise \$500 for the girls' school at Chang Li, so that we shall have a fine interest in this important station. Poughkeepsie District takes the Tartar City day school at Pekin. Troy will attempt to raise \$200 for some object yet to be selected.

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Intelligent buyers want to know where they can get sweet toned, satisfactory, reliable organs,—and at right prices.

They want to avoid two mistakes;—paying too much for a good organ; or worse yet—getting a common cheap-toned organ at no matter how low a price.

Our Epworth organ catalog tells how in buying direct at factory price you save middle profits—a big item,—and get a better organ for your money; for middle profits must either come out of quality of organ, or out of pocket of buyer,—or both.

Of course the buyer wants to make sure the organ is satisfactory before closing the trade; so we send organs on trial to reliable people anywhere in the U. S. We guarantee it to arrive in good order, and be found satisfactory, or back it comes at our expense. Nothing could be fairer.

Our prices:—Style 622, a handsome parlor organ, is \$65, payable \$32.50 after trial, \$16.25 in 3 months, \$16.25 in 6 months; or if all is paid on approval, it is \$61.10.

Other styles, \$40, \$50, \$55, \$65, \$80, \$90, \$100, etc. Write for Catalog to-day. Mention this paper.

WILLIAMS ORGAN & PIANO COMPANY
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Editorial

Continued from page 1624

who were privileged to know him." And Mayor Eastham confirms what others say in his tribute: "Hon. Howard K. Sanderson was one of Lynn's noblest sons, one who was closer to our people than any other individual in our community." Besides father and mother, he leaves a wife and one son.

BRIEFLETS

No Christmas present would be so highly valued by many, or last so long, as a year's subscription to ZION'S HERALD. You can get it for \$1.50 — the special price when the paper is a bona-fide gift.

For a discriminating and fair study and exposition of water baptism, based on the Scriptures, the tractate of Rev. I. P. Roberts, on "Modes, Subjects and Obligations," is certainly very helpful. There are only 32 pages.

Bishop D. H. Moore says: "Next to a new church member we should value a new subscriber to the church paper."

Rev. N. M. Learned, well known in New Hampshire and Vermont, but now stationed at Warrensburg, N. Y., is doing successful work in the pastorate, as was shown by the recent dedication of a fine new church, Bishop McCabe preaching the sermon.

The multitude of our readers who followed Rev. E. F. Studley in his unique letters written while making the tour of the World's Sunday school Convention, will be glad to know that Snow & Farnham, publishers, of Providence, have brought them out in a fine volume under the title, "A Trip to the Holy Land." See Book Table.

One of several new features which will be introduced early in the new year will be a monthly letter from London, grouping the principal happenings, not only in Great Britain, in religious, reformatory and political lines, but in the leading nations of the Old World. The HERALD has been exceedingly fortunate in securing its foreign reportorial representative.

All Russia is yeasty just now with a deep yearning for better things. The people of Russia may not wholly understand themselves — no people do — but they have a strong impression that they are not getting their share in the real or imagined increments of human progress. The Czar meanwhile considers himself sufficiently busy with military affairs in the Far East. He hesitates to "get busy" with the difficult problems of reform in Russia. But if he wholly neglects to consider the legitimate demands of the populace for greater privileges, he may suddenly find himself far busier yet, in a good many directions at the same time.

A special telegram brings the information that on Sunday last a most remarkable denominational meeting was held in Cincinnati at Music Hall, upwards of 4,000 being present and representing seventy churches in Cincinnati, Central German, Kentucky and Lexington Conferences. Dr. Davis W. Clark presided, and Bishop Walden introduced Bishop Spellmeyer, who delivered an address upon "The Greatest Book in the World." The music was a great feature, rendered by a male choir of one

hundred voices, a children's choir of fifty voices, the great organ, and congregational singing. A most fraternal spirit prevailed, and the enthusiasm was intense. The week previous the Bishop visited four prayer meetings in a single evening, and continues to do so each week until the list is completed.

THE CONFERENCES

VERMONT CONFERENCE

St. Johnsbury District

Hardwick has a growing work, with constant additions by letter as well as very frequent ones by enrollment from probation. Seven of each of these classes reported at the last quarterly conference. The pastor, Rev. J. A. Dixon, in his report, spoke in the strongest terms of the thoughtful courtesies of his people and the very generous reception accorded to his wife on her arrival. She has received at once the recognition, fully merited, which is all too lavishly granted to our preachers' wives in general — that of being put at the head of much important work in the church, particularly among the young people. She was promptly voted a seat in the quarterly conference under \$98 of the new Discipline. Rev. Geo. L. Wells, for many years doing effective work in Vermont Conference, and his estimable wife, are here spending their later years, both in comfortable health and able to participate in the services and general work of the church. Mr. Wells is always the staunch supporter of his pastor, and a careful guardian of the interests of the church. His widow and children of the late Rev. Thomas Trevillian are also resident here, and have this season built houses for themselves called after their own names. These, with the family of Rev. Geo. H. Bickford (deceased in 1869), form a strong working force for Methodism in Hardwick.

St. Johnsbury parsonage was the theatre — pardon the Methodistically expurgated term — of a most interesting play, in prologue, on Saturday, Dec. 3. A baby girl made her debut, and still holds the boards. The neighboring children say that she is soon to be christened "Grace Church," after the organization which her father, Rev. J. M. Frost, serves with eminent satisfaction to all. The work here is in a constant hum, with organizations for almost all sorts of helpful service; and all these really "animate." The Epworth League has in progress a very fine lecture and entertainment course, and its regular meetings and special literary and social gatherings are full of interest, enthusiasm and profit. The church has recently pledged nearly \$700 on repairs and some arrears, and proposes now a somewhat general reconstruction of its dining-room and

Neuralgic Pain
Rheumatic Pain
Instantly Relieved by
Painkiller (Perry Davis)

upper parlors. A plan for general evangelistic services during the month of January is now under consideration by the various churches of the town. Evangelist Gale of Boston is the leader had in mind. He is just now ready for service at West Burke, only seventeen miles above St. Johnsbury, where Rev. C. C. Whelden and his people have been striving to prepare the way for a successful campaign.

Greensboro Bent. — Rev. N. A. Ross, the pastor, has held special meetings for three weeks, Misses Bryant and Avery assisting him. A good interest has been shown on the part of the people. Some ten or twelve have begun the new life. At Stannard, an out-appointment, four promising young people made a start last Sunday morning. The prospect here seems very hopeful. Interior repairs costing nearly \$200 have been made on the church.

North Danville is prospering under the lead of Miss Buchanan, a deaconess from the Boston Home. When she had filled out three months of service, the desire for her continuance was so strong that the Deaconess Board decided to allow her to remain longer. The congregations and Sunday-school have considerably enlarged, and, in general, the interest is greatly quickened. A like gain all over the district would be proclaimed as a phenomenal revival.

Danville and West Danville have each put in considerable in incidental repairs on their churches, something more than \$200 having been expended at each point. The Danville Church now presents a most attractive appearance, and the one at West Danville only lacks a new coat of paint to give it the same look.

West Concord. — As reported in the local press, a very successful sale was recently held, under the supervision of the Sunday-school. More than \$100 was realized, and the ladies are much encouraged. Plans for extensive repairs are under way, and a decided advance is made on this charge.

Derby reports a new tower erected on the church, and the work of interior repairs progressing. Re-seating, with general renovation, is the scheme proposed. Rev. O. E. Aiken is most enthusiastic and hopeful.

Newbury is in a very prosperous condition, with benevolences nearly all provided for, social meetings well attended, and special services planned at South Newbury, where a week-night service, averaging above thirty in attendance, has been sustained all the year. This, for the size of the settlement, is a most commendable record. A like interest would

MISSION DESK SET, \$10

Mission furniture is now all the rage. The combination of a Mission Desk and Mission Chair is one of the most popular novelties on our Christmas list this year. We quote a few figures:

The Desk is 30 inches high, with a writing surface 30 inches wide by 20 inches deep. The Chair is 44 inches high, with a seat exactly proportioned in height to the top of the desk. This last feature is one of the great advantages of buying a Desk Set of two pieces like this.

The entire construction is solid oak, the fronts and tops being richly quartered, and the whole finished in dull weathered tone. Our prices when sold separately are, Desk, \$7.50, Chair, \$3.75.



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since that he or she has ever used. Read this over again carefully, and understand that we ask our pay only when it has done you good, and not before. We take all the risk; you have nothing to lose. If it does not benefit you, you pay nothing. We do not offer to send you a free sample to last three or four days, but we do offer to send you a regular \$1.00 package of the most successful curative medicine known to the civilized world, without one cent of risk to you. We offer to give you thirty days to try the medicine — thirty days to see results before you need pay us one cent, and you do not pay the one cent unless you do see the results. You are to be the judge! We know that when Vitæ-Ore has put you on the road to a cure, you will be more than willing to pay. We are willing to take the risk.

What Vitæ-Ore Is

Vitæ Ore is a natural, hard, adamantite, rock-like substance — mineral — ORE — mined from the ground like gold and silver, in the neighborhood of a once powerful, but now extinct, mineral spring. It requires twenty years for oxidation by exposure to the air, when it slacks down like lime and is then of medicinal value. It contains free iron, free sulphur, and free magnesium — three properties which are most essential for retention of health in the human system, and one package — one ounce — of the ORE, when mixed with a quart of water, will equal in medicinal strength and curative value 800 gallons of the most powerful mineral water drank fresh from the springs. It is a geological discovery, which there is nothing added or taken from. It is the marvel of the century for curing such diseases as

Rheumatism, Bright's Disease, Blood Poisoning, Heart Trouble, Dropsy, Catarrh and Throat Affections, Liver, Kidney and Bladder Ailments, Stomach and Female Disorders, La Grippe, Malarial Fever, Nervous Prostration, and General Debility,

as thousands testify, and as no one, answering this, writing for a package, will deny after using. MEDICAL SCIENCE has failed to improve upon or even equal the remedies found in a free state in healing mineral springs. Physicians, the oldest and best, the newest and learned, acknowledge this to be a fact when they encounter a disease which is not amenable to the action of drugs by packing the patient off to Carlsbad, Saratoga, Baden, there to drink the waters which contain the essential properties for the restoration of health, and the patient returns fresh, healthy, mind and body. If the sufferers cannot afford the trip — and few but the wealthy can — they must continue to suffer, as the waters deteriorate rapidly, and when transported fail to procure the desired results.

A letter to the Theo. Noel Company, Chicago, will bring a healing mineral spring to your door, to your own house, your chamber — will bring to you VITÆ-ORE, a mineral spring condensed and concentrated, a natural, God-made remedy for the relief and cure of the ills with which man is afflicted. Why continue to suffer when this natural curing and healing Ore, Nature's remedy, can be had for the asking, when the poor as well as the rich can have the benefit of healing springs?

This offer will challenge attention and consideration, and afterwards the gratitude, of every living person who desires better health, or who suffers pains, ills and diseases which have defied the medical world and grown worse with age. We care not for your skepticism, but ask only your investigation, and at our expense, regardless of what ills you have, by sending to us for a package. In answer to this,

Address THEO. NOEL COMPANY, ZION'S Dept., Vitæ-Ore Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

A Mineral Spring at Your Door.

mean a meeting of more than 100 at many points on the district.

Craftsbury continues to flourish. A Bible study class is calling out considerable interest. Special services at Collinsville resulted in a dozen hopeful conversions; and the prospect of a new chapel at that point in the spring seems fully assured. Rev. R. J. Chrystie is demonstrating his athletics in these times by walking the five miles to this out-work almost every Sabbath. Ten miles' walk, three sermons, and a Sunday-school class, can hardly be rated as mere Sunday recreation.

Barre. — The pastor, Rev. R. F. Lowe, reports his young chorus choir of about twenty voices in glowing terms. He has good right to do so, for their services commend them; in a recent public concert they won high praise. The Italian mission work at North Barre is doing grandly under the efficient management of Miss Elizabeth Hanson, deaconess. About fifty is the average attendance. The League has general charge of the enterprise; and, when, a few days ago, their house (formerly a railroad station, once the old brick schoolhouse of Thwingville), was razed over their heads, they at once pre-empted and cleaned out a deserted house, and continued their work without a Sabbath of recess. Recently 25 have been received to membership here, and 4 on probation. The HERALD list has been enlarged, and other interests advanced.

Coventry has just decorated anew the interior of its church, paid the bills, and now goes confidently forward to new conquests.

J. O. S.

Montpelier District

West Berlin. — In the enforced absence of, the presiding elder, the communion service was conducted by Rev. W. B. Dukeshire, pastor at Montpelier. Three probationers have been received into full membership. Rev. L. J. Morse is giving most excellent satisfaction on this charge.

Athens. — The pastor, Rev. F. M. Baker, has been taking a well-earned vacation in southern New England, and was absent on the recent visit of the elder. A good congregation was present. Excellent work has been going on here for two years under the direction of the pastor. The outside of the church has been painted.

Bellows Falls. — A recent visit to this place revealed a very happy people. The debt has been paid, and this without trespassing on the sources of income for pastoral support and current expenses. The women did it. Of course they called the men to help, but it is fair to say "they did it." We are glad. Under

the wisely conservative leadership of Rev. L. O. Sherburne, our work takes shape, and has not been seen in a more healthy condition in a long time. The various departments of church work are all "worked." Of course improvements are expected, but something is doing. Special mention could be made of several things, but the work of the Junior Sunday-school is number one. Miss Sherburne and Miss Brown have been the moving spirits here, but they have had co-operation. Mention might justly be made of others.

Weston. — The special meetings were helpful to those who attended, but no conversions were reported. The roof of the church has been slated — a much-needed repair.

Randolph Centre. — At a recent quarterly conference on an exceedingly cold night a large representation of our officials greeted the presiding elder, thus showing their interest in the work. Some of the members had to drive a long distance from the farm. Pastor Wells is endeavoring to interest the children, and in this he is wise. The hope of our church lies in our children.

Bethel. — The third quarterly conference was held in the uncompleted church on a recent Saturday. A floor is to be laid and doors hung, and a furnace put in, then the place will be ready for the furnishings, which have been ordered. They hope to have an opening there in a few weeks, and all Methodists are invited to be present. Current expenses are paid to date, and when the pledges already made and a few more have been collected, the building will be paid for. This is a live church, and they are planning for better things in the future. They have asked for a morning service next year, believing that they can accomplish more in this way.

South Royallton. — A week of special union services has been held here. Neighboring preachers have given their services, and all speak well of the helpful sermons heard.

Union Village. — Marked improvements have been made upon the church property. The building has been painted outside and inside, the walls frescoed, and a new carpet put down. These were all needed improvements, and have cost not far from \$500, which sum has been paid. Your scribe is informed that here the Ladies' Aid is to be given generous praise for successfully financing the scheme, backed by Rev. E. C. Charlton. Of course others have helped, but what would some of our churches do without the aid of the elect women? The establishment of Sunday-schools at New Boston and Pompa are contemplated. In other ways the pastor is showing a vital interest in the welfare of the whole community. Nov. 20, Mr. Charl-

ton preached a centennial sermon. Elijah Hedding was on the Hanover Circuit in 1804, and during the fall he preached in the Umpompanoosuc valley. The next year he was on the Vershire Circuit, and this parish was embraced in his extensive field. Methodist preachers have held the field ever since. In 1811, Eleazer Wells organized a class of 47 persons. The present pastor has been doing a good work in hunting out the facts concerning our early history.

W. M. N.

EAST MAINE CONFERENCE

Bangor District

Though the pen of "Briggs" has for some time been silent, the work of the district has been carried on as faithfully by the pastors and workers as though reports had systematically been made. The elder has visited Corinna, Stetson, Newport, Newbury, Lincoln, South Lincoln, Mattawamkeag, Kingman, Danforth, East Corinth, Forest City, Argyle, and Alton. Every pastor is faithfully striving to solve the problems his own situation furnishes. Changes and removals of pastors are working embarrassments, especially at Oldtown, from which Rev. N. B. Cook was transferred to Cataumet, Mass., in the New England Southern Conference, about two months ago. The pulpit has had good supplies every Sunday, but it is not like having a regular pastor. These mid-year breaks are proving difficult of adjustment every presiding elder who has to deal with them. I presume every elder sometimes wishes more Methodist preachers were without a pulpit, that there might be a surplus to draw from in an emergency. Nearly all pastors in the midst of their difficulties have found their victories and encouragements, all charges something to thank God for. Oldtown, without a pastor, has put a new furnace in the parsonage. Howland, also pastorless, is making a determined effort to clear the debt from the parsonage.

Limestone. — A visit of four days, and Thanksgiving with Pastor Hatch, was a pleasant and profitable occasion to at least one participant. There seems to be a steady gain of strength. The finances are in an unusually good condition. How easily these burdens might be borne if all people would appreciate their privileges!

South Caribou. — A welcome is always accorded among this people, who are hospitable and religious as well. The evening service was well attended, and closed with a precious gathering about the table of our Lord. Where does the worldly devotee find such unalloyed bliss as the believer, in such wholesome spiritual exercises? "Mother" Irvine, step-mother to six an

mother of thirteen children, whose spiritual vision and blessed experience is a tonic to all who come in contact with her, is tenderly cared for at her daughter's home.

Washburn.—A Saturday evening prayer service and quarterly conference, Sunday morning preaching, and reception of a member, with the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, all made a visit to be remembered because of the helpful spiritual power visible in the church. Pastor Cheney has been made especially glad by some revival interest at an out-appointment. May it spread like fire in stubble until all the country about is ablaze with the glory of salvation!

Mapleton.—Excellent congregations greeted the elder at this point. Rev. Wm. E. Green has been appointed to supply the vacancy made by Rev. C. S. Otto returning to school.

Presque Isle.—The elder spent one evening only on this charge, preaching in the hall to a goodly gathering of people on Monday evening. Rev. Albert Harit was absent in Massachusetts to attend the funeral of his sister.

Easton.—A brief visit here revealed some encouragements in the work. The Sunday-schools and Epworth Leagues are doing good work. This society ought to push ahead to the very front of the work in this northern part of the country.

Fort Fairfield.—The quarterly visit found Rev. C. H. Raupach pushing the work with persistence and vigor. Special services were held at Stevensville, in which the pastor was assisted by Rev. A. Hartt. At the Fort the pastor has worked alone. Some clear conversions are reported. Mr. Raupach is held in high esteem, and the work is progressing.

Mars Hill.—Special services were held here in October, with the help of Rev. B. W. Russell, of Monticello, and Mr. Guy Waltz to assist. A number of new singing books have been purchased for use in the meetings of the church.

Monticello.—Always the same things are to be said of some places—that is, patient, faithful work is being put in for the church and kingdom. A long-felt want is soon to be met by a new bell recently ordered.

Houlton.—Good reports were rendered at the quarterly conference: Excellent congregations; finances in best condition for this year in a long time; the Sunday-school has had a larger increase during the quarter. In the near future W. S. Lewin, lay delegate to General Conference, is to give an illustrated lecture of his trip for the benefit of the League. A class of 11 were recently received from probation into full membership.

Hodgdon and Linneus.—A brief visit to Hodgdon finds the work moving on. During the quarter 8 have been received on probation, 2 from probation, and 3 have died.

Exhortation.—Brethren, a little more than four months only remain of the Conference year. Secure subscriptions for our church periodicals; sell new Disciplines; collect benevolences; bring up neglected pastoral visitation; make better sermons; engage in revival effort; comfort the sick. This is not all. How it accumulates—the work to be done! Do it now!

BRIGGS.

NEW HAMPSHIRE CONFERENCE Dover District

Lawrence, Garden St.—The early Methodist activity has not a little present manifestation at this church. Every department of the work is vigorously pushed these winter weeks. As might (yes, as should) be expected, the Divine favor is assured. It is manifested at the *Oaklands*, where a "class" was organized only a year ago. During the summer months a church was built, and in October the new house was dedicated. Pastor and people toiled nobly in this extension of the field, and were blessed abundantly. Relief is now afforded and enlargement also by the appointment of an assistant pastor, who practically takes charge of this new work. Rev. Edward Hislop, a student in Boston University School of Theology, was secured for this service, and is doing splendid work both as preacher and pastor. The Sunday-school at the *Oaklands* is now thoroughly organized on Methodist lines, and a full corps of officers and teachers has been elected and are in service. Special efforts for evangelism are being planned for this and for the home church.

At Garden Street a new organ was installed,

Thursday evening, Dec. 1, by a dedicatory organ recital. Mr. Everest Douglas, concert organist, and Master Leonard Scorgie, soprano soloist, furnished an excellent program which was greatly enjoyed by a large and appreciative audience. Both these artists were from Boston. The following Sunday, Rev. A. J. Northrup, the alert and genial pastor, preached to a generous congregation an excellent sermon on "The Place of Music in Worship." This new organ was built by Jesse Woodbury and Co., Boston, at a cost of about \$3,000. It is finished in old, quartered dark oak and harmonizes with the interior of the church. The work is of high grade. Experts pronounce the individual stop work and the blending of the whole to be extraordinarily good. Garden Street people are delighted with the tone. The instrument has an electric motor, with automatic adjustments. The builders are entitled to much credit for this success in organ-building. The organ committee consisted of Pastor Northrup, Mr. Charles H. Hartwell, and Mr. John Barker. Full financial provision for this new equipment has been made. There is surely a bright outlook for coming days at this church. A fuller report of spiritual conditions will soon appear.

Amesbury.—The First Church of Amesbury has unanimously invited Rev. F. K. Gamble, of the Pleasant St. Church, Salem, N. H., to become its pastor, and he has accepted, subject to the approval of the appointing powers. The change will take place about Jan. 1.

Rochester.—The good work of evangelism goes on. Rev. L. R. Danforth has baptized 14 and received 12 on probation. A father with five of his children had place in the company of those receiving baptism, and all save the youngest—too young for such enrollment—were listed as probationers.

Personal.—Rev. J. M. Durrell has not yet become a resident within the bounds of Concord District. He still makes his home at Kennebunkport. There Mrs. Durrell, his faithful and efficient helpmate, abides. He himself is mostly elsewhere seeking friends and dollars for Tilton Seminary. His task (by no means a slight one) does not seem to burden him so severely as did the work of a presiding elder. Ah! Who shall furnish adequate estimate of the tasks of the presiding eldership? Mr. Durrell appears to be in excellent health at present. He was in Haverhill, Mass., two days recently, and was busily pushing the interests of the Seminary. It is not now in order to report the success of this preparatory canvass. The entire field of the Conference was diligently cultivated for building funds, and later for the generous endowment, now happily assured. Success brings new demands for enlargement to all schools. Tilton is not an exception. Added buildings and equipments are imperatively needed. Mr. Durrell is sent by the trustees to cultivate the old field and secure a fresh and bounteous harvest. A generous welcome should be assured him everywhere. Men and women can serve

their generation well by earning and consecrating money for Tilton Seminary. But especially all should bear in mind the difficulty of the work assigned Mr. Durrell, and so exhibit a brotherly sympathy and prayerful spirit whenever and wherever he appears. O. C.

W. F. M. S.—The Dover District W. F. M. S. held its annual meeting at Epping, N. H., Wednesday, Nov. 3. A large delegation was present, and the meeting was one of the best. A number of short papers were read, the subjects being the different missionary countries. This was a new feature, and proved a great success. The reports from the different auxiliaries were unusually good. The report of the children's work by Mrs. Haines, of Haverhill, is worthy of mention. Mrs. Robert Hoskins, thirty-seven years a missionary in India, was present, and gave a most interesting talk concerning her work in that country. It was with regret that we had to accept the resignation of Mrs. Durrell, the president, her removal from the district making this necessary. The following officers were elected: President, Mrs. Albert A. Perkins, Somersworth; recording secretary, Mrs. G. W. Chase, Smithtown, N. H.; treasurer, Mrs. J. D. Fogg, Somersworth, N. H.; superintendent of children's work, Mrs. Haines, Haverhill, Mass.

MRS. A. A. PERKINS, Rec. Sec.

Manchester District

Claremont.—Our Conference meets in Claremont, April 12, and Rev. C. C. Garland is already formulating plans for our entertainment. He is not forgetting his own local work at the same time. Recently he had the pleasure of baptizing 2, receiving 2 on probation and 2 by letter. He has taken all the stated benevolent collections except the missionary apportionment. He preaches to good congregations and rejoices in a deepening spiritual interest.

Manchester, St. Paul's.—At the last communion Rev. Edgar Blake gave the right hand of fellowship to 14 young people whom he received from probation. On the first Sunday in December he preached a sermon on "Christian Education," and illustrated his sermon by exhibiting the current issue of ZION'S HERALD. He drew the net for new subscribers, and, if report has it correct, secured 14 new names. Brethren, let us use the HERALD for our people's sake as well as for the interest of the HERALD itself. One good way to use it is to make appropriate references to the paper specifically by name in our sermons. On Dec. 6, a new boarder was welcomed into the family circle at the parsonage. This completes the four sides of the square—two boys and two girls. Mother and daughter are doing well. Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Blake, and a welcome to the new itinerant!

Manchester, St. James.—The Epworth League in St. James has undertaken the support of a native preacher in India. The regular Sunday

Dear Sir: Please ask your WIFE, DAUGHTER, or SISTER
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WISE WORDS TO SUFFERERS

From a Woman of Notre Dame, Ind.



I will mail, free of any charge, this Home Treatment with full instructions and history of my own case to any lady suffering with female trouble. You can cure yourself at home without the aid of any physician. It will cost you nothing to give the treatment a trial, and if you decide to continue, it will only cost you about 12c. a week. It will not interfere with your work or occupation. I have nothing to sell. Tell other sufferers of it—this is all I ask. It cures all, young or old.

If you feel a bearing-down sensation, sense of impending evil, pain in the back or bowels, creeping feeling up the spine, a desire to cry frequently, hot flashes, weariness, or if you have Leucorrhea (Whites), Displacement or Falling of the Womb, Profuse, Scanty or Painful Periods, Tumors or Growths, address Mrs. M. Summers for the Free Treatment and Full Information. Thousands besides myself have cured themselves with it. I send it in plain wrappers.

TO MOTHERS OF DAUGHTERS I will explain a simple Home Treatment which speedily and effectually cures Leucorrhea, Green Stickness, and Painful or Irregular Menstruation in young ladies. It will save you anxiety and expense, and save your daughter the humiliation of explaining her troubles to others. Plumpness and health always result from its use.

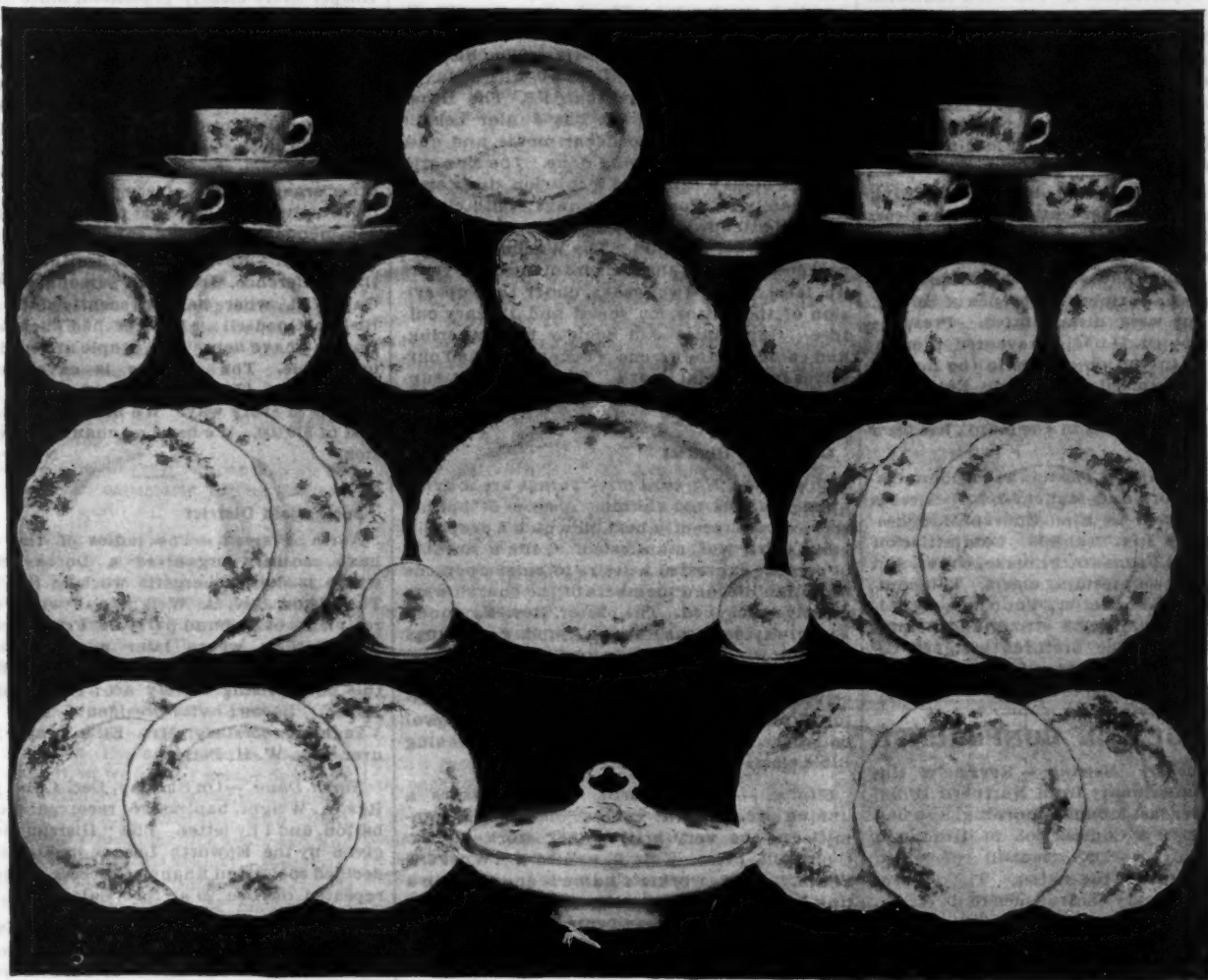
Wherever you live I can refer you to well-known ladies of your own State or county who know and will gladly tell any sufferer that this Home Treatment really cures all diseased conditions of our delicate female organism, thoroughly strengthens relaxed muscles and ligaments which cause displacement, and makes women well. Write today, as this offer may not be made again.

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Do You Want This Beautiful Dinner Set

THERE is probably no article that appeals to a careful housewife like fine dishes. On their character and quality depend the appearance of the table to guests and its attractiveness to the family day by day. Yet dinner sets of a good quality and handsomely decorated are expensive articles. The imported kinds are especially fragile and liable to breakage. It was not until recently that American makers have been able to produce the hard white ware that does not break easily, with the handsome decorations of the imported kind. These dinner sets are, however, now produced. ¶ There has recently arisen an opportunity by which the ZION'S HERALD has been able to purchase the product of an American factory in combination with several of the leading papers of the country, and these are to be offered to our readers at less than one-half the lowest retail value. We do not sell these sets to make money. They are used to introduce the paper to new readers by offering them something of substantial value at a money-saving price, and to old readers to bind them closer to the paper.



DESCRIPTION OF THE DINNER SET

Each set consists of 42 pieces. Our cut gives you the composition of the set, but can give you no idea of the whiteness and lustrous finish nor the beautiful decorations of the ware. It is made by one of the largest pottery concerns in America. It is as near translucent as it is possible for American ware to obtain.

The decoration is new and original in design, having been selected from hundreds of sketches made especially for this purpose by the best artists in this country. The design is a graceful spray of forget-me-nots—modest, beautiful and attractive. This, with the gold tracing, gives a rich and pleasing effect. The decoration is burned into the ware and will last for years, retaining its color and form. The manufacturers absolutely guarantee this set against crazing.

The shapes are the very latest and have been designed after the molds of the finest and most expensive imported chinaware and will meet the approval of the most fastidious. While we do not claim that this ware is equal to the fine imported china, we do claim it is the best manufactured in this country and is good enough for good Americans.

The dinner sets are carefully packed and are guaranteed against breakage. Any broken pieces will be replaced free of charge. The sets will be shipped by freight prepaid to your nearest railroad station anywhere in New England.

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We have so much faith in this offer that we will agree to refund your money, if you do not like the set and return it to us in good condition within ten days—provided that you pay the elapsed subscription to the paper.

The number of the sets which we have on hand is limited, so we cannot agree to fill orders for those who do not write soon. Any questions will be promptly answered. Address

GEO. E. WHITAKER, Publisher
ZION'S HERALD, BOSTON, MASS.

evening devotional meetings of the League have been given up, and the Tuesday evening prayer-meeting has been given over to the care of the League with gratifying results. The young people are taking great interest in both the Bible and the mission courses of study, and are pursuing both courses. Rev. J. Roy Dins more is pastor.

Manchester, St. Jean's.—Rev. E. J. Palisoul had a big day recently in his French work. He welcomed 5 into full membership and 3 on probation. St. Jean's seems to survive and grow, notwithstanding a certain outside faction that threatened to disrupt it. Our missionary has shown himself to be the man for the place.

Manchester, First Church.—The presiding elder occupied the pulpit of this church on Sunday, Dec. 4. A full house greeted him. There was an attendance of 246 at the session of the Sunday-school. Reports presented from the several departments of the work indicated prosperity along all lines. A children's choir of twenty-five voices augments and strengthens the chorus choir at the regular Sunday morning service. This choir serves a double purpose: it adds interest to the service, and it insures the attendance of the children at the preaching service, which under ordinary circumstances they would not attend.

Nashua, Main St.—The Sunday following Thanksgiving this congregation had the pleasure of welcoming a former pastor, Rev. J. M. Durrell, now field secretary for Tilton Seminary. The people had expected him to act as substitute pastor during the absence of Rev. F. C. Rogers, but were disappointed. Previous plans made by Dr. Durrell prevented him accepting their invitation, much to the mutual regret of both himself and them. Rev. W. O. Allen, a member of the Vermont Conference, and recently returned from Germany, has been invited to supply.

Preachers' Meeting.—The annual union meeting of the Concord and Manchester Districts is to be held this year in First Church, Manchester. The time is Jan. 30 and 31. Committee on program: Revs. Farnsworth, Blake, Grout, and Smith, and the two presiding elders. This committee met in Manchester, Thursday, Dec. 1. The committee promises a strong and helpful program, provided the brethren assigned co-operate with them. It is hoped no brother will decline the part assigned to him. A.

NEW ENGLAND CONFERENCE

Boston Preachers' Meeting.—Rev. A. W. Rudisill, D. D., missionary from Northern India, was the speaker last Monday morning, and had for his subject "A Comparison of Hinduism and Christianity." Dr. Rudisill discussed chiefly the contrast of the deities. The idea of a god is the necessary central idea of a system. The idea of the Hindu is that Brahma sleeps trillions of years, after which he will awaken to make all things new. Brahma is an impersonal god; he does not think; he has no intelligence. The ambition of the Hindu is to reach this same state, to come to a god whom he may not know, and who can never know him. Hindu carelessness about sin is directly traceable to the sleeping of the god, and his indifference to man's sin. The Hindu home is the centre of the religion, which rests upon the ceremonies of the home for the departed spirits. Emphasis was given to the truth that the home and child teaching are fundamental to the Christian religion.

The meeting for Dec 26 is omitted. On Jan. 2

SOME OF YOUR NEIGHBORS

will probably be quick to take advantage of the offer which is being made by the Vernal Remedy Co., of Le Roy, N. Y., to send free of charge to every reader of ZION'S HERALD who writes for it a trial bottle of Vernal Palmiettona (Palmietto Berry Wine), the household remedy that is attracting the attention of physicians and the public at large, for the reason that it is the best specific known for the quick and permanent cure of all diseases of the stomach, liver, bowels and urinary organs. The proprietors want every one to try the remedy before investing any money, so that all can convince themselves that it is the greatest restorative and tonic in the world. Better send today and check your disease at once, for if you wait a week or two, it may be too late. Only one dose a day is necessary.

Rev. Archibald Forder, a missionary from Arabia, who comes highly recommended by Bishop Hamilton and Dr. A. C. Dixon, will speak.

Boston District

Dorchester, First Church.—The Epworth League recently determined that a telephone in the parsonage would be a great convenience to both pastor and church, and have had one put in, greatly to the gratification of Rev. J. F. Allen.

Forest Hills, Upham Memorial.—A leading layman sends the following: "To the many loving tributes which have been paid during the past weeks to the memory of Dr. S. F. Upham, we would add ours. We loved and greatly esteemed him, and he loved us. A year ago he wrote us: 'There is no church in the world so dear to me as yours.' Our church has a growing attendance at both morning and evening services on Sunday. The pastor, Rev. W. H. Powell, is a splendid preacher, a most earnest worker, a man, and a Christian. The Sunday-school has an enrollment of 190, with an average attendance of more than 150. The Home Department numbers 31. The Junior League has 90 members in two departments, and unusually good work is being done. The Epworth League holds a Bible and a mission study class alternately on Tuesday evenings; both classes are well attended. The League is supporting a native worker in India. The Wachusetts Club, composed of boys and girls from fourteen years up, meets every two weeks, under the supervision of the pastor, for social and literary culture. Our Ladies' Aid Society is prospering, and comes to the rescue whenever we find ourselves in financial straits. The W. F. M. S. supports an orphan in India named after one of its deceased members."

Cambridge District

Cambridge, Harvard St.—Things are moving quietly in this old church. A series of special services was recently held, in which a deep religious spirit was manifested. Quite a number of persons expressed a desire to enter upon the Christian life, and members of the church were greatly quickened. The pastor, Rev. Raymond F. Holway, is preaching on Sunday evenings and following the services by a short after service. At the last communion 7 persons were received, 5 of whom were on probation. The pastor is meeting each week a class of young probationers. He also has a large and flourishing Bible class.

Clinton.—The Epworth League issues a unique circular of its cabinet officers and committees—the very artistic pen work of Mr. Charles E. Price. This is named a "Workers' Chain." Each worker's name is engraved in a link. The relation of the parts to each other attracts the attention and interest. The whole is, unusually well done and worthy of being copied.

Lynn District

Gloucester, Bay View.—In spite of some unavoidable limitations, the society here, under the always wise and optimistic leadership of Rev. M. Emory Wright, is both courageous and progressive. The house of worship has been thoroughly painted, besides various repairs and other improvements. In preparation for these, Rev. William Ferguson, the immediate predecessor, rendered valuable service. The building has throughout been furnished with electric lights. A recent sale, extending through two evenings, yielded encouraging results, while all objectionable features were rigidly excluded. The Junior League has a little more than doubled in numbers since the summer vacation, and much enthusiasm prevails. All the departments of spiritual work are in healthful condition, being favored with a band of helpers who are exceptionally punctual and active, their average attendance, though not large, scarcely varying by a unit, either winter or summer. Much attention is now given to the practice of sacred music, especially to the higher class of compositions. Since the last Conference a volunteer choir has every week been under careful training, with very gratifying results. As a fact, not witnessed in many churches, a double quartet has been formed of excellent male voices, six of them belonging to the same group of kindred, also an orchestra of five pieces, for church purposes and for social occasions therewith connected. All things con-

Deep Seated Coughs Cured by Allen's Lung Balsam

sidered, the situation has many encouraging features.

Haverhill, People's Church.—For several weeks past the members of this church, Rev. E. C. Bridgman, pastor, have been planning laboring and praying for a revival, and their labors have been greatly blessed of God by seeing the whole church quickened, backsliders reclaimed, and sinners converted. On Sunday, Nov. 27, the Conference evangelist, Rev. Dr. F. K. Stratton, commenced labors here for two weeks, and before the series closed there were between thirty and forty hopefully converted. Never were the old truths of the Gospel more clearly presented, more lovingly portrayed, or more forcefully impressed upon the hearers; and never did God more signally own His own word, honor His own truth, and answer prayer, than during this series of meetings. Dr. Stratton is indeed "a workman that needeth not to be ashamed," a pastor's helper in every sense of the word, perfectly safe, sane and sound. The Sunday-school and other organizations of the church are caring for the varied interests of the parish with commendable zeal and earnestness.

Personal.—Rev. Robert E. Smith, formerly of this Conference, writes in a personal letter from Galva, Ill., where he was recently stationed by Bishop Goodsell: "I never had such a reception as I have here. The people are cordial and hospitable. The climate is excellent. Our church has 423 members, and is the leading church in every way. We are renovating at a cost of \$10,000. We have no chance to be homesick." N'IMPORTE.

Springfield District

North Prescott.—The ladies of the church have recently organized a Dorcas Society, which is doing energetic work in the parish. The pastor, Rev. A. Wright, and wife were the recipients of a pound party on Friday evening, Dec. 2. Two weeks later a very successful Christmas sale was conducted. The officers of this enterprising society are: President, Mrs. M. F. Bacon; vice president, Miss Mary Vaughan; secretary, Mrs. Ellis Thayer; treasurer, Mrs. W. H. Petrie.

North Dana.—On Sunday, Dec. 4, the pastor, Rev. A. Wright, baptized 5, received 4 on probation, and 1 by letter. The "District School," given by the Epworth League on Dec. 6, was a decided social and financial success. It is to be repeated on Dec. 20 at New Salem Hill.

Springfield, Grace.—The labors of Evangelist Cozens for three weeks resulted in the conversion of a score or more. A normal activity characterizes this prosperous church.

Westfield.—We have been taking a much-needed rest from special services. Ten weeks without an evangelist places a burden on the pastor and the faithful. Nevertheless, there is a spontaneous demand for still further services. The official board is foremost in this activity. Immediately after the holidays we

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shall inaugurate a new series of meetings, with the official board as a praying band.

C. E. DAVIS.

N. E. SOUTHERN CONFERENCE

Providence District

Mansfield.—There are many encouraging features in the work here. The Ladies' Social Circle has recently put a new range in the parsonage. The pastor, Rev. W. T. Johnson, has received several members by letter and others on probation. The congregations are good and new faces are seen. The pastors of the Methodist Episcopal, Baptist and Congregational churches joined in an organization to work for no license, and held union meetings at which the pastors spoke in turn. A fine harvest concert was given early in October. The work at Foxboro is gaining, and the people are very loyal to their pastor. Both the Epworth League and class-meeting (the latter started during the present pastorate) are flourishing. Abel Drew, who was a class-leader some fifty years ago in New York, and who is now over eighty years of age, is the efficient class-leader. Mrs. E. M. Sanford, widow of Rev. Caleb S. Sanford, resides in Mansfield, and is now on the bright side of eighty. She is a great help to her pastor and others by her encouraging words and her fullness of faith. She still furnishes the wine for the communion. Mr. Johnson, it will be remembered, lost his daughter, Beatrice, by death recently. It has been a sore trial.

Newport, Thames St.—Rev. F. L. Streeter gave a very illuminating paper before the Ministers' Union of the city, December 6, on "Harnack, the Man and his Message."

Newport, Middletown.—Rev. S. F. Johnson and family have been having a three weeks' vacation on the Cape.

Portsmouth.—The harvest supper was an extraordinary success, especially in the large attendance.

Hingham.—This church was reopened and rededicated, Nov. 10, after having been closed several weeks for extensive alterations and repairs. The chancel was decorated with palms, ferns, and other plants. After the devotional exercises Rev. Andrew J. Coultas, presiding elder of the district, delivered the discourse on "The Divine Origin of the Christian Church," and then offered the prayer of rededication. The pastor, Rev. E. H. Tunnicliffe, read a history of the church. In the afternoon a platform meeting was held, at which the pastor delivered an address of welcome. Rev. Edward Anthony, of Jewett City, Conn., followed with reminiscences. He was a member fifty years ago, and married a member of this society. Rev. L. C. Cornish, pastor of the Unitarian society, brought the greetings and best wishes of his own and the other churches. Letters of regret were read from Rev. J. H. Nutting, chaplain of the Rhode Island State Institutions, Rev. F. J. Follansbee, of Hull, Rev. W. F. Lawford, of Milford, and Rev. W. J. Hambleton, of Newton. At the close of the service the invited guests enjoyed a banquet provided by the ladies of the society. In the evening the principal address was delivered by Hon. John D. Long. He claimed the Methodists as his friends and neighbors, and paid a

glowing tribute to the work of the Methodist Episcopal Church in general and this church in particular. At the close of his address very hearty applause was given the speaker and three cheers for the pastor, Mr. Tunnicliffe, who had accomplished the great work. Seventy-six years ago the first organized body of Methodists here met in private houses, and later in a hall on South St. In 1828 an edifice was erected opposite the present church building, and in 1867 alterations were made. In 1882 the church was moved across the street to its present lot on the corner of South and Thaxter Streets. From that time little or nothing had been done in the way of repairs or alterations until the present pastor took charge. Under his leadership the present great result has been accomplished, with all bills paid. The edifice has been painted inside and out, and the old windows have been replaced by handsome stained glass ones. The ceiling has been colored a cream tint, and the upper section of the walls in terra cotta, while the lower section is an oil color of leather brown. Between the upper and lower sections there is a frieze in amber color. The chancel has been done in oils, blending from floor to ceiling. The pews have been remodeled and new carpets laid.

Newport, First.—The last meeting of the Methodist Social Union was held in this church, Nov. 15, and was the most successful in the series. Dr. Bradley, the president, was most happy in his position and in the power he has of inspiring the graces of hospitality and good fellowship. Rev. Dr. Melden, of Providence, gave a very able address on "The New New England." This was followed by an admirable series of short addresses from members of the several churches represented and visiting guests. Among the latter were Chaplain Charlton of the Training Station, and General Secretary Dadman of the Y. M. C. A.

KARL.

The New York Tri-Weekly Tribune

For those who want to get the New York news and news of things the world over and don't want to spend the money or time in buying and reading a metropolitan paper seven days in the week the *Tri-Weekly Tribune* fills the bill. It is issued on Monday, Wednesday and Friday of every week, and contains the essence of the *Daily Tribune* for the whole week. To those who are interested in the prices of flour, grain, wheat, cotton, livestock, butter, cheese, eggs and other farm products, its market reports are invaluable, because of their correctness. Price, \$1.50 a year. For a free sample copy sent a postal card to the *New York Tribune*, New York.

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Harper's Bazar, with the Tri-Weekly Tribune, one year,	\$1.65
Metropolitan Magazine, with the Tri-Weekly Tribune, one year,	\$1.65
All three for \$2.50.	

—The official registration of the larger Eastern Universities is as follows: Harvard, 6,013; Columbia, 4,557; Cornell, 3,438; Yale, 2,990; Pennsylvania, 2,664, and Princeton, 1,383. It should be remembered, however, that the roster rolls of some of these institutions are swelled largely by special students, many of whom take but an hour or two of instruction per week.

CHURCH REGISTER

Marriages

KNOWLTON—CHANDLER.—In New Sharon, Me., Dec. 7, by Rev. J. R. Remick Harry B. Knowlton, of North Chesterville, and Etta Chandler, of New Sharon.

LEWIS—SPEARIN.—In Golden Ridge, Me., Dec. 10, by Rev. Wallace Cutter, John H. Lewis and Robena Spearin, both of Island Falls, Me.

WHITE—GREEN.—At People's Temple, Boston, Dec. 17, by Rev. Charles A. Crane Albert James White, of Newton, and Helen Ethel Green, of Southboro.

MAYO—MORIARTY.—At People's Temple, Boston, Dec. 18, by Rev. U. A. Crane, Thomas Mayo and Hazel F. Moriarty.

McMURRAY—SCHLIBGE.—At People's Temple, Boston, Dec. 15, by Rev. U. A. Crane, Hervey J. McMurray and Jennie N. Schlibge.

McFARLAND—KINROY.—At People's Temple, Boston, Dec. 15, by Rev. C. A. Crane Edgar H. McFarland and Annie Kinroy.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—As Monday, Dec. 28, is a holiday, the Tremont Temple meeting, usu-

ally held at noon, will be held at 10.30 a. m., and Rev. A. C. Dixon will preach on "Christmas Tributes to Christ." Mr. Lewis E. Smith and others will sing.

Christmas for the Poor

The Christmas celebration of our Italian Mission is being prepared. The pastor has received as yet but one contribution, and nearly 300 children—most of them the children of poor families—must be remembered. We need books, toys, clothing, and also some money, for this purpose. Address donations to Rev. S. Musso, pastor, 287 Hanover St., Boston. A Children's Festival is being prepared, to be held Jan. 6, at 7 p. m. All donors and friends are invited.

J. H. MANSFIELD, Supt.

PIANO WANTED.—Mallalien Seminary is trying to help everybody, saint and sinner, and has been doing this for the past twenty years. It is doing a great work for God and humanity. We greatly need a piano in our institution, and we want it now. If any charitably disposed person will help us to one, write me at Kinsey, Ala.

(Rev.) GEORGE M. HAMLEN, President.

A Word of Thanks

Mrs. R. S. Douglass, of Auburndale, whose article appeared in *ZION'S HERALD* of Nov. 9, in which she told her plan of using commissions received from subscriptions to the *Ladies' Home Journal* and *Saturday Evening Post* to pay the tuition and board of a student in the Deaconess Training School (who wished to be a deaconess, but could not meet the expenses), wishes to thank the friends who responded. Thinking they may like to know the result to date of her efforts, she makes the following report: In October she sent in 113 subscriptions, new or renewed, and received \$75 prize money. This gave her about \$41 as the result of the month's work. In November she sent but few names, reserving most that she received that month to send in Dec. 1, in hope of winning a second prize. The price for tuition and board in the school is \$100 per year, and Mrs. Douglass hopes to make that amount. While thanking those who have helped, she asks others to send her their subscriptions or renewals for the coming year.



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OBITUARIES

We who, today, are thinking of our dead,
How deep the snows are lying o'er their head;
How dimly we may dream them near, or see
The meaning of their silent mystery;
Too faintly still we whisper through our grief:
"Lord, I believe, help Thou my unbelief!"
Too deaf our ears to their still yearning
voice —
"As thou hast loved me, so wilt thou rejoice!"

Yes, we who keep the festival today
With sadness that we cannot drive away,
Let us be happy, too, and inly sing
Like birds from empty nests but on the wing
To fairer climes, who, as they sing and fly,
Feel warmer breezes ever drawing nigh,
See summer skies as swifter on their roam,
And know that just before is peace and rest
and home.

— Louisa P. Hopkins.

Baird. — Rev. Andrew Watson Baird, who died in Springfield, Mass., Dec. 3, 1904, had been for thirty-five years a most worthy member of the New England Conference. Those acquainted with his ministry will agree that no member of our Conference ever served as many years our weakest churches for such small compensation more faithfully, uncomplainingly, and effectively. He was one of the most devoted, hard-working, sweet-spirited ministers of our Lord I have ever known. He had to struggle with the inconveniences of rearing a large family and doing something for their education, with the scantiest of ministerial support, and suffered frequent sickness and sorrow; yet he was ever cheerful, abounding in expressions of gratitude and adoration to his blessed Lord. Reluctantly he gave up the active work three years ago.

Mr. Baird leaves a wife, who has been a great help to him in his work, and five children, who, with many in the churches he had served, will treasure in their hearts grateful appreciation. Brave, heroic soul, thy struggles are over! Welcomed by thy Master and those thou hast served, enter into the inheritance of an over-comer!

E. R. T.

Capen. — Rev. John Capen, a superannuated member of the New England Conference, fell asleep in Christ at Worcester, Mass., on Sunday evening, Nov. 13, 1904, at the age of 76 years and 10 months.

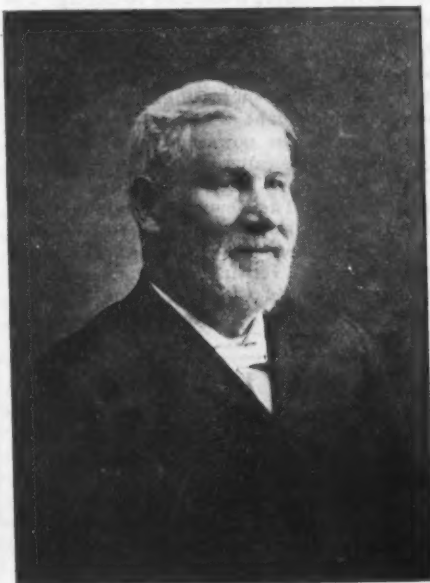
He was born in Glasgow, Scotland, Jan. 21, 1828, and came to America when nineteen years of age. He worked in a soap and candle factory at Cambridge for a few years, and then moved to Chicopee, where he was converted under the ministry of Rev. Loranus Crowell. Called to preach, he felt the need of preparation, and heroically worked his way through Wesleyan Academy at Wilbraham and the Theological Seminary at Concord, N. H. In 1855 he was received into the New England Conference. His pastoral charges have been: Bernardston and Gill; Buckland; Blandford; Northampton; Enfield; South Wilbraham; Athol; Groveland; Newburyport, Purchase St.; Swampscott; Gloucester, Riverdale; Oakdale; Belchertown; Colerain; Rockport; Beverly; Brookfield; East Douglas; Shrewsbury, and Uxbridge. He served on the Christian Commission in the army, and afterward lectured on what he saw on the battlefield.

In 1892 he was granted a supernumerary relation, and in the following year was superannuated. For seven years he resided on a farm in Hopkinton, later moved to Uxbridge, and spent the last months of his life in Worcester. Some nine months ago he suffered a shock, from which, however, he gradually rallied. His last sickness was brief.

Mr. Capen was a fervent and interesting

preacher of the Gospel. He did much in building new churches and paying off old debts, but his heart was in soul-saving. The writer, when a member of the praying band of the School of Theology, with fellow-workers, spent a Sunday at Swampscott to help Mr. Capen and his people in revival efforts. The intense devotion of the pastor and his faithful wife have never been forgotten. In later years his services as class-leader have been attractive to the young people and greatly valued by his pastor. He had literary tastes, was quite a botanist, and an enthusiastic student of astronomy.

He was twice married. Miss Elizabeth Whitehill, of Peacham, Vt., became his first wife, and died a few years after their marriage, leaving one daughter — Mrs. Mary J. Johnson, of Springfield. For his second wife he married Miss Sarah A. Ross, of Salem, Mass., with whom he has lived very happily for some thirty-eight years. Mrs. Capen survives him, with her three children: Dr. Samuel R. Capen, of Upton; Mrs. E. A. Jones, of Worcester; and Mrs. George H. Staples, of Uxbridge. In his days of infirmity and sickness he was most



REV. JOHN CAPEN

tenderly ministered to by his devoted wife and loving children.

The funeral services, held in Trinity Church, Worcester, were conducted by Rev. Dr. S. M. Dick, assisted by Rev. A. R. Nichols, of Shrewsbury. In the beautiful Mt. Hope Cemetery at Worcester his body awaits the resurrection morn.

[WILLARD T. PERRIN.]

Camp. — On Saturday, Nov. 5, 1904, Rev. George L. Camp, pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church at Sterling, Conn., while apparently in perfect health, was suddenly stricken with a shock. He lingered a few days, and entered into rest the following Wednesday morning. He was born at Middletown, Conn., Oct. 7, 1842, the son of John and Mary Camp.

His childhood was spent in Durham, Conn., and in early manhood he moved to South Hadley Falls, Mass. March 21, 1872, he was united in marriage with Miss Catherine E. Burdick, of that place. Eight children came to bless this happy home, only two of whom remain to comfort the mother, and Mr. Camp's maiden sister, Jennie, who had long made her home with him. The surviving children are Ernest H. Camp, of Yonkers, N. Y., and Mrs. Myron C. Roger, of Wales, Mass.

George L. Camp was converted at Durham in the great revival of 1858. Much of his life-work for God and the church was done as a layman, but finally he became so impressed with the importance of adequate preparation for religious work that he spent three years in the Lay College at Berea, Mass., in theological study. When he had completed this school work, he went to Wales, Mass., in 1895, as a local preacher in charge of our church. His pastorate here continued six years, and was a great blessing to the church and community. In the spring of 1901 he moved from Wales, and became pastor of the church at Windsorville, Conn. He soon had the interior of the church building greatly improved, without debt, and

completely won the love and respect of the entire community. Two years later, in 1903, this charge was united with Wapping under one pastor, and Mr. Camp was stationed at Sterling. The high esteem and affectionate regard in which he was held by the community was shown by their almost innumerable acts of kindness when this great sorrow came to the personage, as well as by their abundant floral offerings.

Mr. Camp was a kindly, genial Christian gentleman, preaching as effectively by his life in the home and the community as by his words in the pulpit. Loyalty to Jesus Christ seemed to be the ruling principle of his life.

The funeral in the church at Sterling, Nov. 11, was conducted by the presiding elder of Norwich District, assisted by Revs. Jacob Betts, W. E. Kugler, E. P. Pireaner, S. M. Beale, and C. H. Van Natter. The burial was in the family lot at South Hadley Falls, Mass.

J. I. BARTHOLOMEW.

Dickerson. — James Hall Kinsman Dickerson, an official member in Central Methodist Episcopal Church, Brockton, Mass., was born, Jan. 21, 1828, in New Chester, N. H., and was called to his heavenly home and to the church triumphant, Oct. 27, 1904.

His parents were Sewell and Hannah Dickerson, and his family was among the old and highly-respected ones of the community. Coming under the Christian influences of such a home, at the age of fifteen he gave his heart to Christ and united with the Free Baptist Church, which was the choice of his parents. He was united in marriage, Jan. 23, 1852, with Lydia Jane Sumner, who lived in the adjoining town of Alexandria, and was a member of the Congregational Church. The young people made their home in Boston, and in 1876 removed to Brockton, where they purchased a farm. When the health of Mr. Dickerson became somewhat

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impaired, and the work of the farm heavy, they disposed of the place and purchased a home in the city on Crescent St., where they have in recent years made their home. Upon coming to this city they united with the Central Methodist Episcopal Church, of which Rev. Dwight A. Jordan was the popular and beloved pastor. The sterling worth of Mr. Dickerson was soon appreciated, and he was used in various capacities in the officiating of the church. The constant attendance of the family upon the week-night services as well as those of the Sabbath, though living in the country, was an inspiration to others who lived nearer the church. When his health had failed so that his attendance upon any of the means of grace was a rare occurrence, it was always a delight to his pastors to visit him and find the loyalty of his love for the church and for his brethren.

The Saturday before his death he remarked to his wife that he was feeling much better, and thought he might possibly be able to attend the morning service, and that it would be a great happiness if the members of the family might all be together once more in the church. But the Heavenly Father had other plans for him, and before nightfall the summons had come, calling him from the scenes of the outer world to those of the heavenly. It was a stroke, but it was as gentle as though the finger of the Lord had been tenderly laid upon him, and while he tarried for His final coming his mind was clear, and he delighted to repeat many precious passages of Scripture and favorite verses of hymns. He talked with joy of his "home-going," and sent messages of love to those with whom he had been associated in the church. Mr. Irving Dickerson, an only child, still lives, and with his three children — Myrtle L., Ruth, and Sumner — makes his home with his widowed mother.

The funeral service was at the home, Sunday, Oct. 30, at 2 P. M. It was largely attended, and was conducted by Rev. R. M. Wilkins, pastor of the Franklin Church, his own pastor being away at the time. The interment was in Melrose Cemetery.

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Noteworthy Addresses

Continued from page 1626

a salary of \$7,000 to \$10,000, with assistants, with a large room like a counting-room, and with unlimited money to spend for that purpose. One newspaper after another has been obliged to adopt that system; and the larger ones have the circulation department developed to an extreme degree. Religious weeklies cannot work on such a scale, but they can take the hint.

I have talked in this desultory way because I felt that I might give to you at least one idea worth your time. And the one idea I fixed upon is this: that while you are making an excellent article, you are not taking pains to let people know you are doing so, and are not pushing it strenuously on those who ought to buy it. They will not buy from charity, or even from religious enthusiasm. But they do not need to do that, in the case of ZION'S HERALD; they get their money's worth, whatever their motive. The detail it would be absurd for me to undertake to go into. But if I can lodge in your minds the one idea that you are getting a far better product than you deserve to have, in view of what you are probably doing with it, my visit here will not have been entirely fruitless.

Mission of Denominational Paper

REV. GEORGE E. HERR, D. D.

I EXPERIENCE not a little embarrassment, gentlemen, in following these charming and suggestive remarks. I only accepted the invitation for two reasons — one, that I believe profoundly in the future of religious journalism. If the Christian Church cannot utilize one of the most potent agencies for molding opinion, it falls far short of realizing its opportunity and privilege in this modern world. I wished, also, by my presence and word, to testify to my respect and admiration for the clear-headed, brave, and straightforward editorship of your own paper in the person of Dr. Parkhurst. It seems to me — and I could speak more freely if he were not here — that he realizes the ideal of what a religious editor of today should be.

Now, I would like to say a few things, without any elaborate preparation, in reference to the ideal of the modern denominational paper. It goes without saying that the denominational paper should be attractive in form, in material, in press-work, in arrangement, in general mechanical make-up. I appreciate greatly the reference of my former neighbor in Charlestown, Mr. O'Meara, to the improvement made in the religious papers during the last ten or fifteen years. But, having been in the habit of handling, week by week, the religious papers of the entire

country, I have been impressed with the fact that their managers are not always quite as careful as they might be in making their journals attractive to the eye and touch, and in conforming the mechanical make-up to the best examples of modern workmanship. I think that this is a point (trifling you may call it) of real value in making the denominational paper a success.

But much more important is it to realize that the contents of the paper must be attractive to a certain constituency. Now, the constituency of the denominational paper is its own denomination. You cannot expect a great many Congregationalists to take the *Watchman*; you cannot expect a great many Methodists to take the *Congregationalist*. But what you do expect is for the Congregationalists to take the *Congregationalist*, and for Methodists to take ZION'S HERALD. As a matter of fact, I think we have been in danger of making a little mistake by trying to cover too remote a field. The true analogue to the religious paper is the trade journal. A man in the boot and shoe business is going to take the *Boot and Shoe Reporter*. A man in the iron business is going to take the *Iron Age*. The alert and progressive men in those lines of business simply cannot get along without such journals. On the same principle, a Methodist, because he is a Methodist and is interested in Methodist concerns, takes ZION'S HERALD. And the editors of that paper, in my judgment, will act very wisely in not trying to cover every human interest, in not trying even to discuss questions of finance or politics, except as they have a distinct moral issue and bearing; but, as editors of a denominational paper, they will act wisely in making the HERALD indispensable to the members of Methodist Episcopal churches, so that every Methodist will feel that he can not get along without ZION'S HERALD.

The editor of one of our great trade journals is a friend of many years' standing, and he sends me his paper. It is published, not at \$2.50 a year (there is not so much matter in it as in ZION'S HERALD), but at \$7 a year. He sends me that, every week, but many weeks I do not even take off the wrapper. I am not greatly interested in the matters of which his paper treats. I suppose, if that journal were not coming to me through friendship, you could hardly induce me to pay fifty cents a year for a paper that really sells for \$7. It is not in my line. But if it were in my line, I should seize the paper when it came and read it with avidity.

As suggested by this I want to speak of an error that, in my judgment, some corporations publishing religious papers have made; and that is, they have thought they could increase their circulation by diminishing the price of their paper. I believe that wherever that has been tried,

that theory has been proved to be a colossal fallacy, and for a very simple reason. No matter what the price of cigars may be, if they are three for five cents, a man who does not smoke will not buy any more cigars because they are cheap. But a man who does smoke will have them, even if they are two for a quarter. Now that, it seems to me, throws a little light upon the newspaper problem. A man who does not want the *Watchman*, and is not interested in Baptist affairs — you cannot give it to him! But a man who is a Baptist, and thoroughly interested in Baptist affairs, why, he would take it just about as readily if it were \$3, and if he is well-to-do, if it were \$5 a year. I tell you, brethren, the question of price does not enter into the question of the circulation of religious journals to any such extent as people imagine. In my judgment the management of ZION'S HERALD could hardly make a more fatal blunder than to lessen the price of the paper. If I ever did anything for the *Watchman* that was a success, it was setting my face firmly against reducing the price. I would not listen to it. And through the years that I was editor of that paper, I saved between \$80,000 and \$100,000 for the *Watchman* by standing for that last fifty cents. As a matter of fact we could not have got along without that money.

Another suggestion: The denominational paper ought not to be published primarily for profit. "Philanthropy and five per cent.!" But the five per cent. usually gets the best of the philanthropy! You cannot be pursuing two ends — money-making and the fulfilment of a divine mission — without having one end or the other sacrificed. Usually the divine mission will be sacrificed to money-making. If the denomination is persuaded that it ought to have a paper to represent its interests, to be the channel of its influence upon its constituency, the question of profit should be absolutely subsidiary to the spiritual motive.

Take the question of advertisements. I know that there is not one of these gentlemen whose paper does not refuse, every year, thousands of dollars worth of objectionable advertisements. But I also know that in the *Congregationalist*, in ZION'S HERALD and the *Watchman* there are advertisements the editors would rather not have. These religious papers ought to be conducted on such a high level that the severest fair minded critic — I make no account of "cranks" in this matter, or in any other — should have no just occasion to condemn them on that score. Editors cannot occupy the highest position on these matters until they can make every question of pecuniary profit subsidiary to the purpose of realizing the spiritual mission of the paper. I wish that the members of this Wesleyan Association might put \$20,000 at once into ZION'S HERALD; not because you expect a dividend on it, but because you are convinced that this paper is essential to the welfare of your churches, to the spiritual life of your constituency, and to the interests of the Redeemer's kingdom. I believe that by and by you would get back that money, many fold. But put it in, whether you get it back or not, and make this ZION'S HERALD a paper whose impulse shall vibrate through your whole denomination. See that ZION'S HERALD has money enough and is strong enough to take every right independent position, to be clear and free from the dictation of the advertiser; and clear and free of the narrow-minded and disgruntled members of your churches — if perchance there are such among Methodists! And then demand that your editor shall make a paper that will realize the noblest and best ideals of religious journalism.

My brethren, you have a great opportunity. Shall we endow our colleges, our missions, our seminaries, expecting nothing from them but spiritual results, and leave the press — the most potent agency for molding public opinion — unchristianized, or, when Christianized, compelled to stagger, shorn of its power, under the burden of "philanthropy and five per cent.?"